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APRIL 19, 1971 60 CENTS



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RONSON

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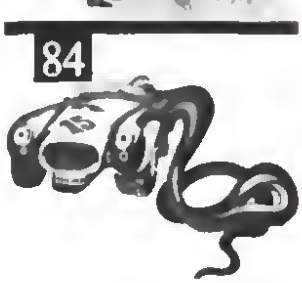












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Next week

THE COLD WAR between Bobby Orr's Boston Bruins and the Montreal Canadiens races to a climax, the young pretenders vs. a proud old dynasty. Mark Mulvoy will be on hand.

THE LAST ROUND of the NBA playoffs waits on the defending champion New York Knicks' struggle to get past Baltimore, while Los Angeles tries to stop the Milwaukee juggernaut.

STILL SEETHING after almost 20 years away from the job, A. B. (Happy) Chandler unloads on those baseball figures who turned his commissionership into chaos and frustration.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

There are no copies of girl to be found around America's auto racetracks, says Sylvia Wilkinson, who wrote this week's [illegible] of the Chimney Rock Hillclimb (*To Be Known to the Mountains* [illegible]). The first [illegible] work[illegible] [illegible] Sylvia identifies as one [illegible] the paddock wear [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] shellacked [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Timeless Fire Gold [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Sylvia [illegible]



SYLVIA WILKINSON AS WORKING GIRL

She dresses in jeans or coveralls, ties her hair back with a bandana and spends most of her time scrambling around the ground looking for a six-inch extension on a speed handle for the guy under the car. I'm a working girl."

In [illegible], Sylvia Wilkinson came to her own [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] when she was [illegible] and [illegible] Durham, N.C. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Sylvia [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Sylvia [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] with four wheels and [illegible] sticks—has been with her ever since.

So has her ability to write. When [illegible] she completed her first [illegible] [illegible] novel [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] received [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] *The New York Times*. She [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Sir Walter [illegible] North Carolina [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Model A named Bessie [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] MGA [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] gave up [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] kept [illegible] [illegible] eyes and her doors kept [illegible] [illegible] exercises. On top of everything else, I had the [illegible]," she said, "so I decided I'd better [illegible] a spectator."

And now, whenever she can break away from her duties as a PR consultant and novelist, she is to be found around the pits at places like Daytona, Sebring and Road Atlanta. Last summer she helped Owner Pete Leistmann prepare the car that Skip Barber drove to win the SCCA Formula Ford national championship.

Curiously (and unfortunately for racing buffs), she has never written a book about race driving, but she would like to. "Most of the books on the sport make drivers into racing monsters. Can you imagine Jackie Stewart sabotaging someone's engine?"

No. But then we can't imagine Sylvia Wilkinson as a racetrack [illegible] [illegible] either.

Dick Munro

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CHI



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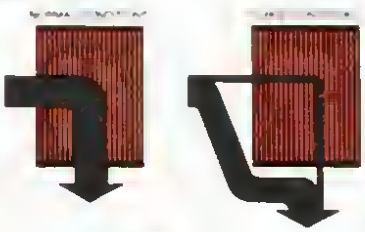
What no one ever told you about oil filters.

Ordinary oil filters don't filter most oil . . .

1. under pressure of cold starts
2. under pressure of peak acceleration
3. under pressure of sludge build-up



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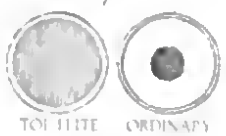
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BOOKTALK

Curt Flood's indictment of baseball is thrown out trying for extra bases

In Curt Flood's threnody, *The Way It Is* (Trident, $5.95), one uncovers unnerving evidence from time to time that the way Flood tells it is the way it isn't. The gifted Washington outfielder, late of the St. Louis Cardinals by way of a year's sit-out to challenge baseball's reserve clause, has much to be bitter about. But there is something sad about a knight who invents extra dragons when there are plenty of real ones around.

One beef he has, for instance, is with the schedule. Flood charges it was drawn "to make Walter O'Malley's Los Angeles Dodgers look better than they were." He and collaborator Richard Carter explain that before the National League was split into divisions, visiting teams on Western road trips "illogically" used to hit L. A. last, tired from prior stops in San Francisco and Houston. "Standard procedure," they write, "was to [fly to] Candlestick Park, double back to Houston . . and then return West to Los Angeles, as drained by adversity as the schedule makers could possibly contrive."

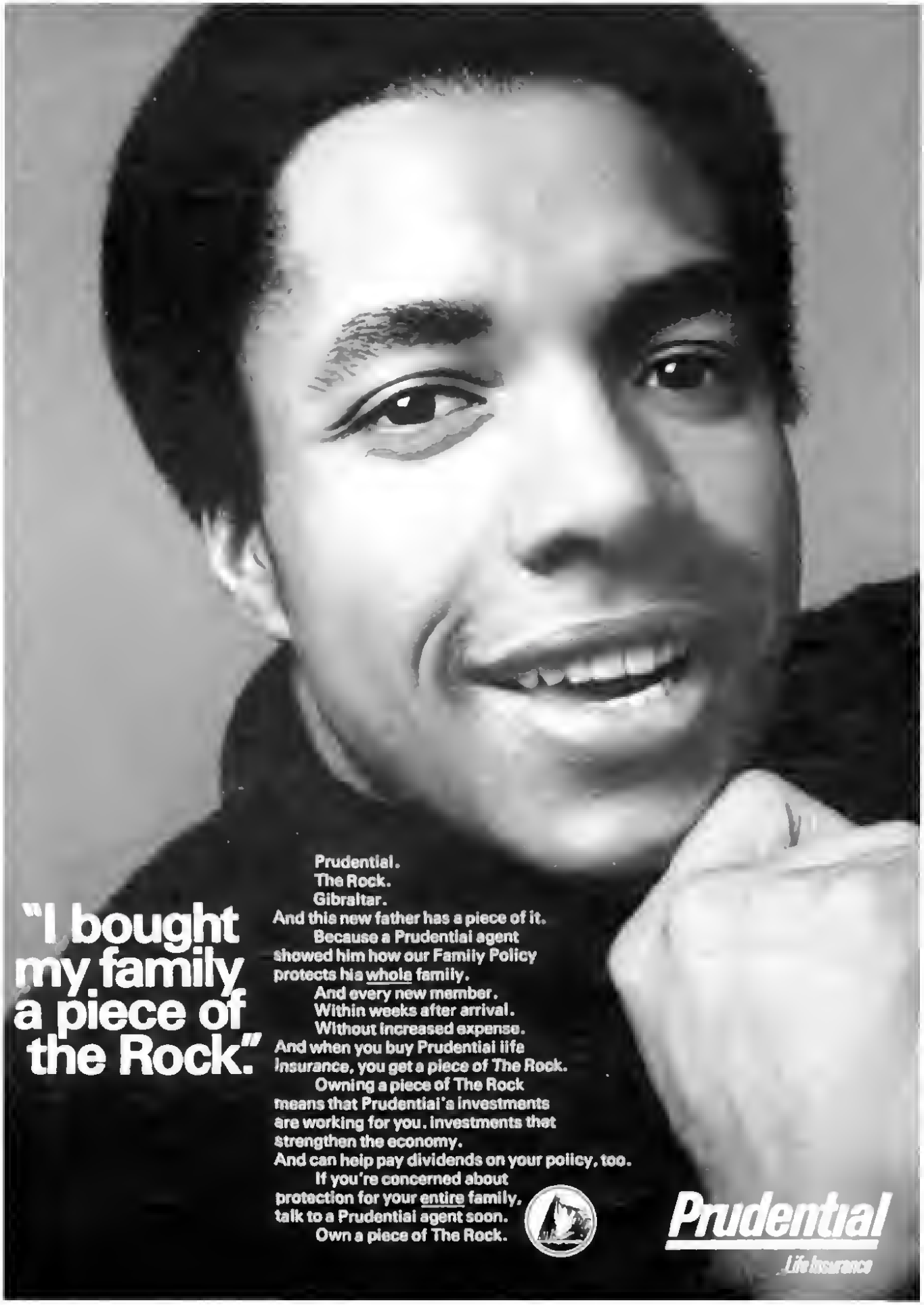
It is to be hoped that Flood's lawyer, Mr. Justice Goldberg, didn't trot that one out in court. Between 1962 and 1968 Flood's Cardinals made 21 Western swings, and only once did they go the San Francisco-Houston-Los Angeles route—arriving at L.A., one might presume, "as drained by adversity as the schedule makers could possibly contrive." As a matter of fact, the Cards swept that particular Dodger series 2–0 and 7–2.

There is just enough of this sort of thing in *The Way It Is* to cast unnatural and unnecessary suspicion on his authentic gripes, which range from such intimate humiliations as being refused service in a restaurant owned by his teammate, Stan Musial, to major affronts, like baseball's residual racism. Traded by Cincinnati in 1957, Flood says he learned later that one reason for the deal was the Reds had not "cared particularly for an all-black outfield of Robinson, Pinson and Flood. . . ."

In small doses Flood gives us some baseball a la Jim Bouton: the players and their off-field interests, the managers and their strategies, the action on the field. But the book's value is as a bill of particulars against our national pastime, which Flood sums up by saying that, from an early age, he was "offended by the disparity between American reality and American pretensions." He rebelled when the Cards traded him to Philadelphia, he says, because "it violated the logic and integrity of my existence. I was not a consignment of goods. I was a man, the rightful proprietor of my own person and my own talents."

Nobody with that kind of conviction has to invent extra dragons.

—CHARLES EINSTEIN


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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

RACING FOR RICHES

Too much of the skiing news this season has involved that interminable ruckus over amateurism, so it comes as a refreshing twist to hear of a ski story that does not concern Olympic status. This one deals with the out-and-out professionals, the International Ski Racers Association, whose members have been schussing along in near-anonymity on limited funds. They have just landed a new contract that will make their circuit more attractive next winter.

The Philip Morris people, who produce such products as Marlboros, Benson & Hedges, Miller beer, Personna razor blades and Clark chewing gum, announced that they have agreed to sponsor pro ski racing since "it seems like a good, logical sport to be involved in," as one executive puts it. Starting next season, Benson & Hedges will back a traveling 12-race "cup" series all its own, the pro counterpart of amateur skiing's World Cup, a promotion they say will pay $350,000. Top pro racers will win, in addition to individual meet money, a grand prize of $25,000, and a new women's professional racing division will be introduced, guaranteeing $10,000 to the top girl. This fund, added to prizes put up by other sponsors, should serve to put the pros on their—forgive the term—feet, and the prospect of making big money at last might even bring some new racers out of the amateur woods. One thing that has been holding the professionals back is the obvious fact that a pro circuit doesn't mean much unless it matches all the best racers like, say, the Killys and Schranzes, both of whom have found the business pretty small potatoes so far.

Lest the image of such a vigorous outdoor sport as skiing seem incompatible with smoking, those connected with the new series assert that the tie-in will be soft-sell and tasteful. And as pro racer Billy Kidd, onetime Olympian, puts it: "It's the greatest thing that has happened so far in pro racing and I'm sure nobody is going to start smoking because of it who didn't intend to anyway."

SIGNALS OVAR

A University of Nebraska press release reports that the national football champions have 14 of last season's starters returning to the team this fall, six on offense and seven on defense.

The new math?

COMPUTARIZED COURT

One of these days the Supreme Court of the U.S. will decide the fate of Muhammad Ali, draft resister and onetime heavyweight champion of the world. The court's decision will determine whether Ali will have a return shot at Joe Frazier next year. He won't be able to fight in jail.

Harold J. Spaeth, professor of Political Science at Michigan State University, has put the problem to a computer.

"Computer analysis," he reports, "shows that since 1958 the Supreme Court has decided 38 cases involving military personnel—persons on active duty, veterans and those subject to the draft. The armed forces have lost 24 of these cases (63%). Twenty of the 38 cases have pertained to persons subject to the draft. Of these, the government has lost 11 (55%). . . .

"The court could go either way in the Ali case. A couple of recent decisions, however, point to Ali's victory.

"In agreeing to decide Ali's case, the court limited its concern to the question of whether Ali had been denied conscientious-objector status because the Justice Department viewed his objections to military service as political and racial, rather than religious.

"If this is the sole basis for decision, Ali will win. Ali is a Black Muslim. Black Muslimism is a religion. Ali bases his request for c.o. status upon his religious beliefs. Congress has authorized c.o. exemptions if the basis is religious. Therefore, the Justice Department's only hope is that it can show that Ali is religiously insincere—which is highly unlikely . . .

"Ali will only lose if the court finds that he is a *selective* conscientious objector [opposed solely to the Vietnam war]. He will win if they find that his religious beliefs cause him to oppose all secular wars. He will also win if the issue is whether his objections to war are religious rather than political."

HOBBY HANS

When that most charming of unchronicled sports events, the Easter egg hunt, took place last Sunday, Louis Richardson of Brooks, Ky. had something unique to offer. His eggs were colored, all right, but not with dyes. That is the way they came out of his hens—olive green, light blue, dark blue.

A collector of exotic poultry, Richardson owns Araucan chickens, Sicilian buttercups (so called because their combs look like buttercups) and other strange chickens from Belgium, England, France, Poland, India and Indonesia.

He plans to retire soon to a farm he owns in Lee County. Then, who knows?



Maybe he'll find a brown cow that gives chocolate milk.

REASON TO WHISTLE

In Maryland, where duck hunting once was big business and the canvasback was king of feasts, there has been a substantial population increase in another species of wildfowl—the whistling swan.

Last season 50,000 wild swans wintered on Chesapeake Bay, their presence tempting to gunners but their status completely protected. There is a state fine

continued



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of up to $100 for shooting one. The swans, beautiful as they are to behold, never have been favorites among duck hunters because they rip out by the roots the celery grass and other feed that sustain the Chesapeake's ever-diminishing duck population. So it was not surprising when hunting interests proposed a solution to Maryland authorities: that a shooting season be opened on swan.

The Maryland Wildlife Administration has now formally refused to entertain the suggestion, even though the opportunity to placate frustrated hunters must have been tempting. Joseph H. Manning, director of the administration, considered the arguments about the destructive feeding habits of the swan and said: "The negative factors must be weighed against the positive, and the esthetic value of Maryland's wintering swan population is overriding."

So the Chesapeake is still swan lake. And esthetics has become a factor in hunting law considerations. Thank goodness.

CORN ON THE HILL

To give a financial lift to the Washington Senators, who could use one, Congressman Silvio O. Conte of Massachusetts proposed that they be given a subsidy not to grow corn in Robert F. Kennedy Stadium.

The Conte stance was that his idea was quite as good as another House suggestion that 300 depressed sugar beet farmers, who never had grown corn, be made eligible for subsidies for not growing corn. This bill had, in fact, passed in the Senate. Conte killed it.

ROCKY ROAD

Professional auto racing appears to be driving down a road full of chuckholes.

At the recent Phoenix 150, won by Al Unser, only 16 of the 34 cars entered in the USAC championship race were sponsored. On the front of Bobby Unser's new car was the message: "The Available Eagle." Johnny Rutherford posed for a picture of his car with a "Lease or Rent" sign on it.

"It's tight," said one car owner. "I've never seen anything like it. My sponsor wanted to come back this time—for half what he paid last year. I finally said the hell with it. For that kind of peanuts I'll go it myself."

"In a tight money situation such as we have today," a public-relations man explained, "the promotion budget is the first thing that gets slashed."

Al Unser, whose Johnny Lightning team has been cleaning up the past two seasons, agreed.

"We were romancing a sponsor for Joe Leonard's car," he said. "To get him, I had to agree to put his decal on my car, too. Now they want two for one—and we're happy to oblige."

HORSES' ARS MATHEMATICA

Although most schemes to beat the races are dubious, some are downright ingenious. One of the latter has been discovered by Gerry Kramer, a tax lawyer from Ossining, N.Y., which is the home of Sing Sing prison. Thus far it has worked out well enough so that Kramer, though not rich, is at least not a loser.

When nearby Roosevelt Raceway instituted what it called the Big Triple, an exacta form of betting in which the player must pick the precise order of finish of the first three horses, Kramer reasoned that in any given race of an eight-horse field there were 336 possible combinations of winners. To cover all bets, and thereby assure a winner, would require a daily investment of $672, which is quite a sum. But also there was a chance of hitting big once in a while. In the first two weeks of racing, for example, there were several days when the payoff was $1,000 or more. Kramer missed out on these because he didn't start betting until after the first two weeks.

Also, he felt he could not afford to bet $672 every day but he could manage $6.72. A friend agreed to act as bookie on this basis. If the exacta paid, say, $800—$8 on the Kramer scale—his friend would give him $1.28, the difference between $8 and $6.72.

After 18 days of betting, the lowest payoff was $0.76 and the most Kramer lost on a given day was $5.96. His biggest hit was for $31. He is winning an average of $0.70 a week.

A TICKET FOR ALL SEASONS

The Sports Fans of America, a dedicated band that seeks better sport at lower prices, is up in arms again, this time in a charge spearheaded by Angelo F. Coniglio, a Buffalo member. Coniglio has filed suit against Highwood Services, Inc., owners of the Buffalo Bills, accusing them of violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act because the Bills, along with other teams, require that in order to get season tickets fans must also buy tickets to preseason games. Also charged are the National Football League and Pete Rozelle, NFL commissioner.

The Bills are not specifically named but, Coniglio says, "The suit asks that all NFL teams be enjoined from 'tying in' preseason games with regular season tickets." It also asks for triple reparations to all fans in all cities that have teams "with such coercive policies."

Coniglio estimates that he represents half a million season ticket holders. Repayment of the indemnity sought in the suit, he figures, would be in the neighborhood of $30,000,000.

CONSOLATION PRIZE

Though he snubbed the Masters for a second straight year because "it's just not my kind of course," last week was not a total loss for Lee Trevino. He entered the New Mexico PGA spring tournament at El Paso Country Club and put together two 69s to win. His four-shot victory was worth $205—somewhat shy of the $25,000 he might have won at Augusta.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

As proud as if his father had just won the Masters, Jack Nicklaus' son recently arrived home and presented his scorecard to his mother Barbara. Attested by his playing partners, the card revealed that Jack Jr. had shot a 50 for nine holes. "All those years of practice finally paid off," 9-year-old Jack told his mother.

THEY SAID IT

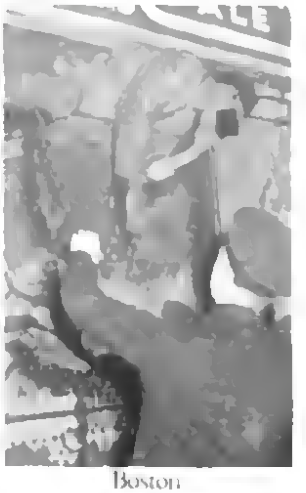
• Jim McDaniels of Western Kentucky, who signed for an estimated $2.8 million with the Carolina Cougars, on his rapid rate of growth as a teen-ager—four inches in three months: "I cried at night in bed. It was hurting me to grow."

• Tom Seaver, New York Mets star pitcher, describing the wine cellar he has just built in his basement and stocked with 300 bottles: "It's not complete."

• Casey Ortez, SMU sophomore quarterback candidate, asked the dirtiest word he ever heard: "Redshirt."

• Bill Bonham, Chicago Cubs rookie pitcher, after walking three, giving up a single and failing to retire any of four St. Louis Cardinals he faced in his first major league game: "I guess I was due for a bad outing." END

Which of these cities has the least crime?



Boston



New York



Philadelphia



Chicago



St. Louis



San Francisco



Los Angeles

In the last ten years, crime in America has more than doubled. It's the big cities that have been hit hardest. Even Philadelphia, the city with the least crime out of these seven, has a big crime problem*

There's a CBS Owned AM radio station in each of these cities. And they do something about crime. There's a lot to do, because our stations feel responsible to over 60 million people.

After WCAU in Philadelphia launched an all out campaign, Philadelphia got more policemen as well as police dogs to cut down subway crime. WCAU also figured the best time to stop a criminal is before he becomes one. So they sponsored a golf tournament to raise money for the Police Athletic League.

The people of St. Louis can turn to KMOX when they're concerned about crime. Recently two residents of a housing project appeared on KMOX to complain that policemen had stopped walking beats in their neighborhood. Shortly thereafter, the police were back.

Of course, each of the seven CBS Owned radio stations is concerned about a lot more than crime. When they aren't busy reporting the news of the day, they're also working for solutions to problems like traffic, pollution, and drug abuse.

The CBS Owned AM Stations

We feel responsible to over 60 million people.

WEEI Newsradio 59, Boston
WCBS Newsradio 88, New York
WCAU Radio 1210, Philadelphia
WBBM Newsradio 78, Chicago
KMOX Radio 1120, St. Louis
KCBS Newsradio 74, San Francisco
KNX Newsradio 1070, Los Angeles
Represented by CBS Radio Spot Sales

*Source: Rankings based on 1971 *World Almanac* data for murder, auto theft, robbery and burglary.

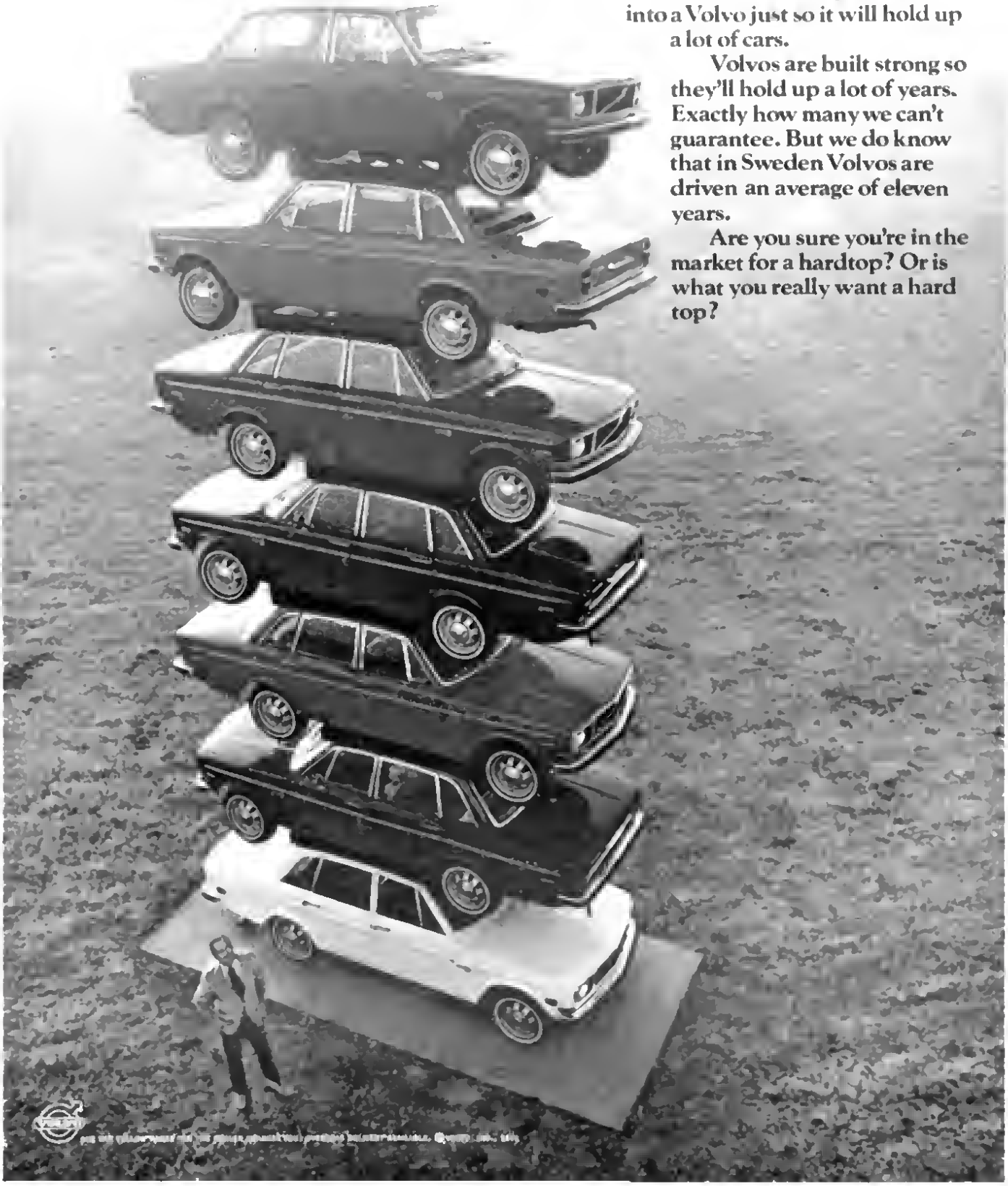
ARE YOU IN THE MARKET FOR A HARDTOP?

Every Volvo has six steel pillars holding up the roof. Each one is strong enough to support the weight of the entire car.

Of course, this kind of strength isn't built into a Volvo just so it will hold up a lot of cars.

Volvos are built strong so they'll hold up a lot of years. Exactly how many we can't guarantee. But we do know that in Sweden Volvos are driven an average of eleven years.

Are you sure you're in the market for a hardtop? Or is what you really want a hard top?



Sports Illustrated
APRIL 19, 1971

THERE WENT THE SLAM

A tall Texan named Charles Coody refused to bow to pressure, fame or youth at the Masters tournament and came away with a glittering victory that ended Jack Nicklaus' hopes of sweeping golf's major titles **by DAN JENKINS**

For a while there on Sunday it looked like Jack Nicklaus had left the Grand Slam at one of those beach-party movies, the kind where all the girls clamor after the good-looking blond guy in the tricky clothes. That was when young Johnny Miller in the golden hair and Masters-green ensemble was turning the place inside out, ripping up the flagsticks and sinking a hunker shot, and in general encouraging all of the hot-panted things in the gallery to squeal with an affection they usually reserve for recording artists. The Masters as well as the game of golf- sure could have used Johnny Miller, but that wasn't where Nicklaus left the Grand Slam. He lost it to a tall Texan named Charlie Coody, who even walks with a drawl, a guy who has two different swings in one motion but makes it work, a guy who lost it before and now deserved it, a Masters winner who admits he's probably lacking in color when he says, "I just play along in living black and white."

Whatever Coody did for four rounds of golf last week in Augusta, it was plenty good enough, especially when it got down to the enormous pressure of Sunday afternoon. Then Coody was at his best. He had been there before on a Sunday afternoon in Augusta. In 1969 he had three holes to play and a one-shot lead, just like Johnny Miller this time. Except Miller became the old Coody who blew it, and Coody became the quiet man who knocked off the Big Four again, as George Archer and Bob Goalby and Gay Brewer and other living black and whites had done in the recent past.

There is a lot to say for a player like Coody who can hang on in these big ones and win. Last Sunday began with Coody tied for first place with Nicklaus after 54 holes, but there was hardly a doubt in anyone's mind that Jack would grind ahead and add the Masters to his earlier victory in the PGA. He would have two legs on the modern Grand Slam of golf, and it would be heigh-ho to Merion in June for the U. S. Open. Then on to Birkdale in July for the British Open, and the man everyone felt had the best chance to accomplish the feat would indeed have done it.

Nicklaus was sure he would do it. "I knew all week I was going to win," he said after seeing the green jacket draped on Charlie Coody's slouchy gunslinger build. "I was in the right frame of mind, really psyched, and I felt I could bring off whatever it took."

He looked the part, striding along the fairways in his patterned shirts with, for once, literally thousands cheering for him. He appeared unbeatable even when he was behind. But

"My game was erratic all the way," he said. "I'd miss a putt I knew I was going to make. I hit into the water. I three-putted four times on the last day when you *can't* do that. But until Charles holed his last putt I still thought I'd do it. Big surprise, huh?"

If you can call what Nicklaus did a case of trying too hard for something you want so badly, then what can you call the effort of Charlie Coody? "The rest of us deserve something, too," said Coody, who put together rounds of 66, 73, 70 and 70 for his winning 279. "The top names have got everything. They shouldn't mind letting us poor boys have something now and then."

Coody isn't exactly a poor boy just because he lives in Abilene, Texas and had managed to win but two tournaments on the tour in eight years. He has made good money right along without being noticed too much. He had developed the respect of his fellow pros by being a "nice, quiet guy," although everybody agreed his game was far too conservative. "Charlie's one of our better shotmakers," Frank Beard once said, "but he tries hard not to win."

This wasn't the case at all in the final round. Coody was in the toughest position of all, yet he tried, oh, he tried. During that Sunday round he had to watch Miller, the 23-year-old from San Francisco, catch fire directly in front of him and at the same time worry about Nicklaus directly behind him. When he came to the 15th hole he was tied with Nicklaus but two strokes behind the upstart Miller. It wasn't quite the same as it had been two years earlier when he had the tournament in his grasp—and bogeyed the 16th, and then the 17th and then the 18th. It wasn't like that this time, but it was frantic.

continued

Triumphant Coody shares the winning moment with his caddie. Grim Nicklaus lost his Grand Slam bid with erratic play around greens.


7





With Nicklaus three-putting the Slam away behind both Coody and Miller, the final drama settled down on the two long shots, and most of it was on the 15th, 16th and 17th holes. First came Miller, who had started Sunday four strokes back. He played better golf than anybody on the front nine, turning in 33, three under par. With a near classic swing that is going to be heard from for a lot of years ahead, the dashing blond with all the sex appeal rammed home a nine-foot birdie at the tough 11th and then exploded from a bunker for another birdie at the hellacious 12th. He missed his birdie at the 13th but rifled another iron in close at the 14th, which is hardly a birdie hole, and dropped that five-footer to go six under on the round and take the lead in the tournament. This drove the hordes mad. Suddenly, they personally had discovered the new Nelson, or Hogan or Nicklaus.

"That was the first I thought about winning," Miller said later. "I had just been trying to make birdies. It was like a practice round."

Then it happened. Reality, they call it. He drove nicely off the 15th tee and was faced with the decision of whether to take a three-wood and try to hit across the pond. "Go for it," came the usual shouts from the crowd, by now larger than the one with Nicklaus.

"I was standing there with the spoon in my hand, and I actually thought about how the green coat would look on me," Miller said. "Finally I told myself to just hit it decent and I could get over." Which he did. Get over. Except he was in the bunker. And this bunker shot didn't go in the cup, nor did the five-foot putt that followed.

For a fleeting moment, that par instead of a birdie did not seem too important because Miller still held a two-stroke lead. Had he managed to par the last three holes, there would have been a playoff between long shots on Monday. But a combination of Miller bogeys at 16 and 18 and Coody birdies at 15 and 16 turned things around. Miller lost his tournament at the 16th, the same place Coody had lost his—and it was the hole where Coody a few minutes later would regain the lead he had held after opening day and had shared with Nicklaus again after 54 holes. Miller lost it with his tee shot, a six-iron that wouldn't turn left and miss the sand.

Tournaments are lost because of such things, but they are also won by good shots, and Billy Charles Coody had some good ones left. "I certainly don't want to classify myself as a charger," Coody said, "but I *had* to go over the pond on 15 if I want to birdie the hole, and I got to try to get close to the pin on 16 for the same reason." He caught a good spoon at the 15th, cleared both the water and the bunker and then chipped to within seven feet for his birdie while Miller, still wearing the green coat, was hitting his shot into the sand on 16. Coody holed his birdie, and Miller missed that vital par with a putt that looked in but did a right angle inside the rim of the cup and rolled out. They were thus tied, one stroke ahead of the Grand Slam, who was teeing off on 15.

Coody followed with the best six-iron of his life at the 16th and sank a 15-foot putt for his second pressure birdie in the heat of the moment. A clutch chip shot for a gimme par at the 17th protected the lead for him, and Charlie felt that stroke was as important as anything else. It took him to the 18th needing only a bogey to win, for Miller further collapsed with another bogey on that last hole—although his 68 was the day's low and the round that provided the gallery with most of its howls.

"That's quite a stroll up the last fairway when you're on the green in two," Coody said. "I could have gestured a little more, but if I ever get in the habit of trying to be somebody I'm not, I may forget how to play golf. Since golf is my only livelihood, I've got to do it my way."

Coody said it was the same with his golf swing, a technique that starts out good at the address and on the backswing but finishes with the club about waist-high, making him appear to have hit a baseball. "It's two swings in one, I guess, but it's all I've got," he said.

The weather for all four days was more gorgeous than almost any Masters veteran could remember, but the splendid playing conditions did not result in record scores. The fairways were inconsistent for iron play, and the putting surface on the par-3 12th, the most dangerous hole on the course, was thin and hard. Shot after shot landed on the 12th green and then bounded on into a bunker or into the weeds. Bogeys and double bogeys were commonplace. On Saturday, only nine players in the field of 44 that had survived the halfway cut managed to hold the green. One of them was Nicklaus, of course, who almost made an ace there and did get the birdie that launched him on the five-birdies-in-six-holes streak that enabled him to catch Coody and tie for the 54-hole lead. But this was the hole that knocked Gary Player out of the tournament. Player made double-bogey 5s there on each of the first two rounds.

The 12th is part of Amen Corner, the bend of the course that actually begins with the par-4 10th hole and concludes with the par-5 13th. It is the place where the Masters has been won and lost over and over again. Amen Corner was where Coody grabbed the first-round lead, shooting two under through the stretch, on the way to his opening 66. But Player and Palmer went two over there, and Casper and Nicklaus one over. Jack by trying to slam a one-iron onto the 13th green. He went into the creek and suffered one of the three penalty shots he strapped on himself during the tournament. Three penalty shots, and he lost to Coody by two strokes.

"We were all trying too hard," Player said, meaning the Big Four. "Nobody has any idea what pressure there is. You wait months for a Masters or an Open, and then when it comes you feel every single shot is the one that'll win it or lose it for you. You find yourself making mistakes you wouldn't ordinarily make, and also doing things well that you might not otherwise do. You're so charged up it's a constant fight. It's the magnitude of the mistakes that kills you."

Nicklaus was the only member of the Big Four who was a driving force, and Coody said he felt sorry about Jack and the Slam. "I know how bad he wanted this tournament, probably worse than any that he's won," said Coody. "I think it would be great for golf if Jack could win the Slam one of these days. He's the only one who could, I think."

Then he added, "I got to say, however, that I'm happy he can't win it this year."

Yep, old black and white was very happy in green. **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWEIKARDT

John Miller, 23 and resplendantly youthful in hair and clothes, made a dramatic run on Sunday before falling just short of victory.

THIS IS ORR COUNTRY —ORR IS IT?

Boston's superstar was alternately hero and goat as the Bruins engaged the Montreal Canadiens in a furious Stanley Cup series **by MARK MULVOY**

Serene as Pearl Harbor on a Sunday morning, Boston awaited the Montreal Canadiens. A heavy wind riffled the Charles and picked at the corners of countless bumper stickers that proclaimed, "God Bless ORR Country." Teen-agers gave a last satisfied spin to the town's favorite rock record:

Born to be the nation's craze,
Wondrous Bobby, wondrous ways.

And, indeed, it was a treat to count the ways as Orr began to victimize the Canadiens. He fires a mighty shot from the blue line and yes! the red light is on. The game not four minutes old and hockey's greatest player is hurling thunderbolts. Boston's quest of a second consecutive Stanley Cup is well begun. Dreams of dynasty to rival Montreal's own are surely coming true.

Poor Montreal. Beaten by Boston in five of six regular-season games, twice slaughtered in the last week. Feeding a rookie goalie to the hungry Bruins. Ken Dryden, lately of the Cornell nets, veteran of but six NHL games. A law student even now! Plenty to feast on there, for Dryden goes 6' 4", 210 pounds. Ken is "a little nervous." Who could blame him? On his side are a most un-Canadienlike mixture of old warriors and fuzzy-cheeked kids. Against him are arrayed not only Orr, the one-man array, but gunners like Phil Esposito, highest scorer the league has ever known.

So Orr began the feast and kept the courses coming. They speak of his "control" of a game. He controlled this one. At one point, with Boston a man short, he played keepaway with the puck for what must have been 30 seconds. Once, coming out of the Boston end, he skated directly at two forecheckers and parted them as sweetly and magically as Moses parted the Red Sea, the puck clinging to his stick all the while.

Under Orr's generalship the Bruins led 3–1 halfway through the third period, and though Dryden was proving to be a gristly mouthful, his fast hands, stick and skates diverted many a good Bruin shot. Boston kept the pressure on. At the Bruin end, Goalie Gerry Cheevers was magnificent.

Then came a moment of shock for the Boston fans. Among Bobby Orr's wondrous ways, no one had counted his capacity for anger. Referee John Ashley called him for holding little Yvan Cournoyer. Up to now, Ashley's calls had ranged from the obvious to the marginal. Orr was incensed. Skating alongside the referee to the penalty box, Orr screamed at him, "You miss 14 penalties on them and then call a cheap one on me." Something else Orr said caused Ashley to hit him with a 10-minute misconduct penalty. Now thoroughly enraged, Orr, who had displayed nothing like such temper since the playoffs of 1969, charged out of the box, shoved Linesman Ron Ego and started after Ashley.

Appalled, the crowd understood at once that should he reach Ashley and so much as touch a finger to his striped shirt, their beloved Bobby might be thrown out of this game and conceivably out of the rest of the playoffs. Fortunately for Orr, six Bruins intercepted him, and there was the astonishing sight of his teammate Rick Smith literally pinching him back toward the boards with blows to the chest.

Boston breathed again. Bobby later was profoundly apologetic. Ashley, who should now be called St. John in Beantown, later told newsmen that he did not see Orr leave the box, a serious matter, or touch Ego, a more serious one. Said one Canadien, "If it had been John Ferguson, he'd have been suspended for a few games."

Maybe so, maybe not, but for the first time Bostonians had a sense of unease.

The game ended 3–1 Boston. On the next night the Bruins proceeded to shell Dryden and run up a 5–1 lead, the swift, sharpshooting Cournoyer having scored for Montreal. Bruin Coach Tom Johnson had switched goalies, starting Ed Johnston rather than Cheevers, and so far had no cause to regret it. Not even



An infuriated Orr is restrained by teammates as he attempts to protest misconduct penalty

when Montreal's terrier-quick little Henri Richard stole the puck from Orr and scored an unassisted goal late in the second period. Johnston had no chance.

But that seemingly harmless goal inspired the Canadiens to something like the perfection and power of their most glorious days. Early in the third period, 39-year-old Jean Beliveau, the last remaining superstar of a tattered dynasty and probably the finest center ever to swing a stick, scored a power-play goal. Two goals to go to tie. Moments later Beliveau scored again. John Ferguson had wrestled the puck from (gulp!) Orr near the boards and passed it to Big Jean. With Dallas Smith draped over him, Beliveau neatly maneuvered the puck onto his backhand—no small feat but one of Jean's specialties—and beat Johnston cleanly from in close. One to go.

In the seats, hearts sank a long way down because they had started a long way up, everyone smelled defeat. Here it came. Jacques Lemaire broke past the Boston defense and beat Johnston easily, 5–5. Then Beliveau was fighting for the puck behind the Boston net and flicking it out with that radar-assisted backhand—precisely onto the stick of Ferguson, who fired it past Orr and Johnston, 6–5. And then, to rub it in, Frank Mahovlich broke away to score for Montreal, too, 7–5.

Instead of the expected consecration of Orr and all the Bruins, the playoffs had become a bitter test of their character in adversity. Orr had played the worst 30 minutes of his career and had been on the ice for six of the seven Canadien goals. Esposito had gone scoreless, tied in unseemly knots by the tireless Richard.

In the dressing room Beliveau wiped a head of sweat from his nose and said, "Psychologically, the Bruins have to remember what happened here. When you lose a four-goal lead you don't forget."

Nor could Boston forget that it had lost its home-ice advantage in the 2-2-1-1-1 distribution of games in the best four-of-seven series. The next two would be played in Montreal, not a hospitable town to upstart dynasties.

Saturday night in Montreal the largest crowd in the Forum's history—18,904 *habitants*—was disappointed in the first minute of play when Esposito broke away behind the Canadien defense and beat Dryden with a 20-foot ice-skimmer. But that was the last Dryden would let through. He stabbed one of Wayne Cashman's drives with his glove. He robbed Orr from inside 25 feet. "The kid is keeping us in the game," said Claude Ruel, who started the season as Montreal coach but was replaced by Al MacNeil in December. "He's mine, you know. I drafted him. They all thought I was crazy."

Textbook-perfect, the Canadiens thereafter frustrated the Bruins with a seamless defense and got goals of their own on crisp passing and deadly shooting. With Mahovlich scoring twice and Defenseman Jacques Laperriere bouncing a puck off Orr and past Cheevers for another goal, the Canadiens won 3–1. "We didn't hit anyone," mourned Boston's Tom Johnson. "We'd better play a Bruins game soon."

"I think perhaps the Bruins thought we would lay down and die for them in the playoffs," said Ferguson, the ramhunctious wing, who was throwing more solid checks than all the Bruins combined. "But, hey, the Canadiens are proud. We don't play dead for anybody."

No, not even Bobby Orr, who mumbled, "What a nightmare, what a nightmare. I still don't believe it. Cripes, I'm out in left field somewhere."

The next night in Montreal Orr skated out of the nightmare and through the Canadiens for three big beautiful goals. It was the first time since 1927 that a defenseman had scored the hat trick in the Stanley Cup, but that item for the records was nothing compared with what Orr did for Boston's morale. By spurring the Bruins to a 5–2 victory on enemy ice he made it possible for them to even the series. Boston had regained the home advantage and any doubts about the Bruins' ability to tough it out were put to rest.

Orr got No. 1 on a sort of golf shot along the goal line from Dryden's left. No. 2 popped in off a drive from 15 feet inside the blue line. No. 3 went into an empty net to seal the victory after the Canadiens had pulled Dryden in the last moments.

Orr was at center stage in one of the most remarkable showdowns in hockey. The week ahead might tell whether he and the Bruins had the makings of the dynasty they all wanted so badly. END







Montreal got superb performances from old Jean Beliveau, young Yvon Cournoyer and the ex-Cornell rookie goalie, Ken Dryden.





Having snipped the official off-track ribbon Mayor Lindsay and historic first bettor Philip Groas posed—while the crowd poised.

I GOT THE HORSE RIGHT—WHERE?

A wonderful madness was born when the big city became everybody's bookie: off-track betting ran a gauntlet of friends, enemies, potential lawsuits—and you can wager that the race isn't over yet **by PAT PUTNAM**

At 10:51 last Thursday morning in New York's musty old Grand Central Terminal, Mayor John V. Lindsay, looking as fashionably shaggy as a potential presidential candidate should, neatly sliced through a pink ceremonial ribbon, scissoring forever the Good from the Luck. With that, *legal* off-track betting—despite its heavy impost of lawsuits, union troubles and a $5.5 million investment—came stumbling happily, if somewhat naively, from the starting gate. It was a quiet snip, one not quite heard around the world, but still a historic moment watched with intense interest by other debt-ridden and money-hungry U.S. municipalities. It also was watched by apprehensive racetrack owners who view New York City's Off-Track Betting Corp. as a sort of pari-mutuel cancer.

As the ends of the ribbon drifted to the floor, the bettors jammed against the police barricades, waving wrinkled dollar bills and demanding to be turned loose on the 10 light blue, bulletproof windows which had once churned out tickets for the now-bankrupt New Haven Railroad. "Forget the lousy ceremonies," shouted a man in a business suit, shaking his attaché case at the mayor. "Let's have the action."

"Lindsay, you are a salami," yelled a pretzel peddler in a black-and-white checkered ski cap. "Get out of the way, ya bum."

Parrying the verbal thrusts with a professional smile, Lindsay stepped to one side to let a lowly constituent place the historic first bet, then plunked down his own $2 to win on a horse named Money Wise, which would finish fourth in the seventh race that night at Roosevelt Raceway, Harness racing at Roosevelt was the only action open to OTB patrons, and that only because George Morton Levy, the track's ancient but hyperactive president, stoutly believes in obeying the law—while he works to have it changed.

From the total amount bet at a New York racetrack each day, 17¢ is taken out to be split between the state and the track. The amount the track keeps from 5½¢ to 11½¢ depends on the amount bet. From the new OTB handle, however, a track is awarded but 1¢, a minute revenue, with one-half percent going to the state. Then after the winners are paid off and expenses are deducted, 80¢ of the profit goes to New York City and 20¢ more to the state. In addition, OTB is expected to keep 80¢ of the breakage. New York tracks keep 25¢. "I'd sure like to hear the promises Lindsay made to Rockefeller to get *that* deal," snarled an official at Aqueduct racetrack, which so far has told the OTB to take its business somewhere else. Yonkers Raceway, which will open May 24, also told the OTB that it didn't want to play New York's latest game.

"It is ridiculous," said Levy, "but if a law says you should do something, then I believe in complying. That is, while you are appealing that law. The financial return to the track is too small for letting the state use your show, your





Betting in suburbia—well, just across the river from Manhattan—Forest Hills folks proved just as eager to get their money down.

production. One percent, that's nothing. Off-track betting will cut into our attendance, we'll have to reduce our staff, and finally the whole thing could go down the drain."

Chop off employees? That's when the unions came out fighting. "You let the OTB in here," they told their respective tracks, "and nobody shows up for work." That, of course, delighted Aqueduct and Yonkers, neither of which wanted Lindsay's hookies anyway. Levy, however, called in Howard J. Samuels, the OTB's multimillionaire chairman and president. "I'm going to fight you in the courts," said Levy, "but in the meantime, if you'll give my people 90% job security guarantees for three years, I'll let you use my track."

"Fair enough," said Samuels. There are 500 mutuel clerks averaging $30 a night, six nights a week at Roosevelt. And there are approximately 300 other employees, from janitors to security guards, averaging $25 a night. But when you've already spent $5.5 million before booking your first bet, what's a guarantee of another $3 million or so of job security?

"If it was me, I wouldn't let that bleeping bleep in the door," roared John Duffy, the very large, very tough Irishman who runs Roosevelt's mutuel clerks' union. "But when Mr. Levy asked us to go along, we did. If the OTB is an example of the other functions of the city, I'd swim the bleeping Hudson River just to get away from there."

Undismayed, Samuels, who seems to have an inexhaustible amount of optimism, a huge store of good humor and a dandruff problem, forged ahead. On opening day he predicted a tiny handle of $10,000 but then grandly forecast an annual take of $1 billion by 1973. Then he stepped aside and watched the people storm his betting windows. "We are gambling with the most technological advances," he said. "We did not want to start out with a horse and buggy: we went directly into the jet age."

As a self-styled jet-age hookie, Samuels came on more like Orville Wright. From the starting gun it was chaos. For openers the OTB had blissfully ordered an electronic system which can handle, per machine, no more than four bets per minute. If they had looked around, for the same money they could have purchased machines that can turn out 25 tickets per minute. No matter, because for now Samuels' machines are still in the factory and all bets are being recorded by hand. It is slow going.

Compounding the confusion was the OTB's decision to list horses not by numbers but by the alphabet. Instead of, say, a 4-7 daily double, bettors had to ink in a D-G on the regulation three-ply forms. A D-G daily double? And the clerks, moving only as fast as their penmanship would permit, were allowed to handle bets only in the sums of $2, $10, $50 and $100. To wager $8, a bettor was required to fill out four separate slips. A simple bet across the board became almost as complicated as a calculus exam. It was madness. A delightful madness.

Lines to the betting windows were long and painfully slow and many a player had to wait two hours or more before unloading the week's grocery money. Most, however, inched their way forward with amazing good humor. New friends were made, polemics on morality, ethics, philosophy and politics were waged. "Look at them," said a New York City cop, shaking his head. "If they had to wait this long for anything else, we'd have a riot on our hands."

"This is beautiful," said Helene Santini of the Bronx. "But it won't keep

continued

me away from the track. This is just a convenience. To me, going to the track is like a picnic." In her right hand she was carrying the book *Sun Signs*, by Linda Goodman.

Just a step behind her, David Alexander glanced at her book and grimaced. "None of that stuff for me," he said. "I'm a scientific player."

After a wait of several hours, a man with a wad of 30 betting slips finally arrived at a window. There, the clerk discovered that each slip had only two sheets instead of the required three. Dismayed—but not defeated—the man went back to the end of the line. There he discovered that the slips were now in short supply and this time he was allowed but five. Without a word he filled in his five new slips and once again began inching his way toward the windows.

As the lines lengthened, the police barricades stretched, and at last they extended the full width of the old terminal. Finally, a railroad executive stormed from his office and began removing one of the barricades. He was quickly challenged by an OTB worker, a pretty young girl in a fetching official off-track jockey costume.

"Young lady," said the man with irritation, "the primary business in Grand Central is *still* the railroad."

"Not for long," said Lee Lonsdale, a short-order cook standing at the end of a line near the disputed barricade. "The railroad is dead. Right? So what they should do is put betting windows in all over Grand Central and cut out the trains. What the hell, the Penn Central is now the world's biggest loser. Right?"

"Right," said Lou Belgim, who apparently thought Lonsdale was talking about off-track betting. But then, he was only half-listening to the conversation while studying the morning line in a local newspaper. "Gambling is human nature. Everybody has the urge, but unless you call a bookie, you have to make the long trip to the track. You know what I mean? With OTB everybody will be doing it: suburban housewives, grandmothers, everybody. Beautiful. New York will become the gambling Mecca of the world."

"Is that so wonderful?" someone asked.

"Aw, that's a lot of pastrami," said a little old man in a neighboring line. "Look at what's happened to New Yawk. Crowded housing, lousy food, high prices. Clean streets we ain't got. But plenty of drugs we got. Murder in the streets we got. A subway system that works we ain't got, good schools we ain't got. But plenty of muggings we got. Burglaries we got, and now we got a city running bookie shops. New Yawk is a crazy city." The old man looked at the pastel-colored ticket in his hand. "At the track you go to a window, say, 'Gimme a ticket!' Bing! Bang! You got it. This I can't fill out. Numbers it says in the paper. Numbers it says at the track. But I come to OTB and they tell me no numbers. They want letters. How can you make a bet with letters, I ask you?"

Next came a couple of German descent, and when a nearby lady, who turned out to be a recent arrival from Czechoslovakia, appeared bewildered, they tried to help.

The woman was waving a fistful of tickets. "Plis," she pleaded. "Which one for train?"

The couple tried to explain to her in German that the tickets were for horses. She didn't understand. Finally, another man spoke to her in halting Russian. "Horse?" said the woman. "I don't wan' no horse. I wan' a train. Horses too slow." At last she was directed to the information booth, where she had

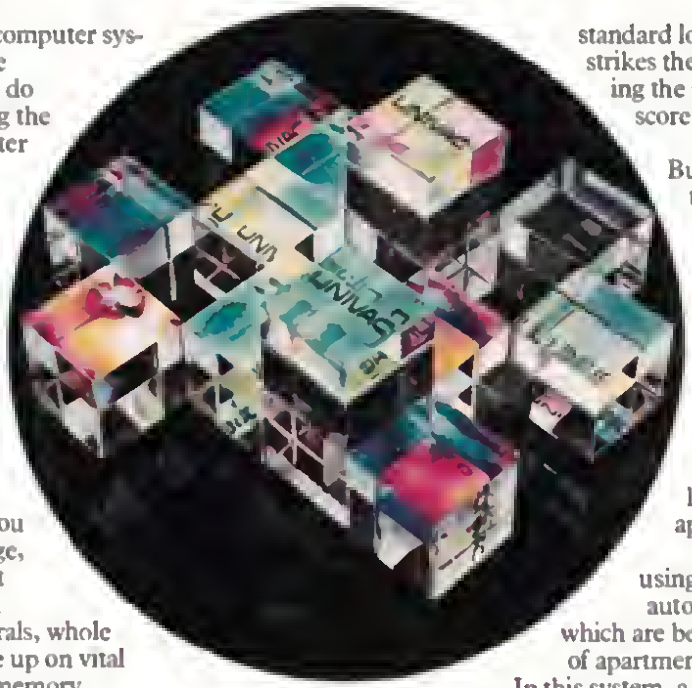


Illumineted, if not inspired, by shafts of celestial light, bettors thronged Grand Central.

continued

We didn't design our new giant computer system for you. You designed it for you.

One way to design a new computer system is to consider what the competition is doing, then do the same. It's called "filling the line." We thought of a better way. We considered the needs of our customers, then designed our newest large-scale, very high performance computer system, the Univac® 1110, to fill their needs.



We call our design Adaptive Architecture, because it consists of compatible modules, like building blocks.

You start with just as much giant computer as you need. As your needs change, you can rearrange or adapt components. And you can add system units, peripherals, whole new sections. Even double up on vital elements, such as central memory.

The new Univac 1110 is fast. The basic system performs 3 million calculations per second. That's 300% more computer power than the next most powerful computer in the Univac 1100 family.

So, in a manner of speaking, the Univac 1110 is designed by you, to start where you are now, and to evolve as you grow. Whether you use it for basic business or scientific computing. It isn't hard to be ingenious when you have ingenious customers.

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In every electric typewriter but our Remington electric, the underscore type arm is located off to one side in the typewriter basket. So when the underscore key is hit, the type arm must whip through a sharp angle to reach the paper. With just a bit of wear, this results in an underscore line that jogs unevenly across the page.



In our Remington electric, we designed a special underscore mechanism that allows the type arm to strike from the center of the type basket while keeping its standard location on the keyboard. It strikes the paper straight on, producing the sharpest, straightest underscore line in the business.

An obvious improvement. But apparently, only obvious to us and our customers.

Small garbage. It can help solve a big garbage problem.

One big city like New York generates more garbage than hundreds of smaller cities. It's difficult to find space for it. One of our customers is helping diminish the problem in one huge New York apartment complex housing nearly 30,000 people. He's using our Vickers hydraulics in automatic compaction systems which are being installed in each tower of apartment dwellers.

In this system, a hydraulic ram with 25,000 pounds of force crushes refuse into compact, cylindrical slugs, which are then inserted into plastic bags.

The compacted refuse in one bag equals the contents of four to six garbage cans. It takes one-quarter to one-sixth less space in the dump, and in the removal truck.



We applaud ingenuity wherever we find it. We're glad it's at work using some of our "muscle" to make one environmental problem a little smaller.

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The filter system you d need a scientist to explain...but Doral says it in two words, "Taste me"



filter menthol

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FILTER: 14 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine. MENTHOL: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report NOV '70

to wait until a young man was hurried aside after requesting something good in the fifth race.

Nearby a small man in a gray beret shook his head sadly. "At the track," he said, "there'd never be any trouble. But the tracks don't have to worry. This cafeteria-style betting will never replace the real thing. But it has its point. You know what I mean? If you've got the shorts you bet OTB. When you are loaded you go to the track. Betting here saves the nut. Like it costs 10 bucks between transportation and getting in. Instead, here you put the $10 in the window. But if you got the dough, who needs this aggravation?"

A few miles away in Forest Hills on Long Island, in the OTB's only other betting shop at the moment, the opening-day problems were just as critical. And they were met with equal good humor. The shop there is much smaller, only six windows, and for most of the day there was a long line of people standing outside the shop in a biting cold wind.

Jack Danon and Carolyn Rich came into the shop together. She made all the bets, using her own unique method: the sound of names. "Jack reads the names, and, depending upon the feeling I get, I bet. If it's a very positive feeling, I like it." In 1970, when she had a feeling about Dust Commander, a 15-to-1 shot in the Kentucky Derby, they bet it through a local bookie. "Somebody told us to go to the diner and ask for Hook. We did and sure enough he took our bet. We went back and waited and waited and we were afraid he wasn't going to show up. But after four hours he did. I like this OTB better."

Two old ladies came tottering by, clutching slips in their wrinkled hands.

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Burke. "What do we do now?"

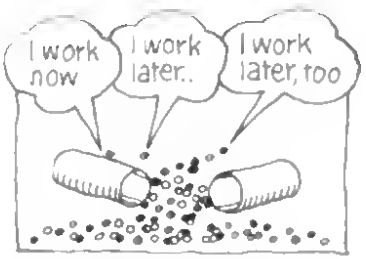
"Just make a small bet," said her companion, Mrs. Williams. "Don't worry. I've got the grocery money at home."

If Samuels' plan proceeds according to schedule there will be something like 200 convenient betting shops in the New York area, all of them geared, he hopes, to handle everything from the Kentucky Derby to eventually, yes, baseball and basketball and football and ad sportum. Providing, of course, that the OTB discovers not only how to lure a wager, but what to do with it after it is made.

Despite its heady start OTB seems far from the guaranteed bonanza envisioned by Samuels. At the moment it is a novel-

continued

English Leather Plus. The anti-perspirant that works like those cold capsules.



You know of course how those famous cold capsules work. Lots of tiny time beads give you three times longer relief.

Well that's the same idea behind new English Leather Plus. And there's not another anti-perspirant like it.

Until now, anti-perspirants only had one time release action — in the anti-perspirant.

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1. A time-release anti-perspirant.
2. A time-release deodorant.
3. A time-release fragrance.

When you first spray on Plus it works like any good anti-perspirant. It keeps you dry, comfortable, and scented with that great English Leather aroma. Safe from wetness and body odor.

Then, just when other deodorants begin to weaken, Plus comes on strong. At this crucial time—after a long day, and when your body needs it most—Plus releases another booster of deodorant protection and fresh English Leather fragrance.

Zap!

Automatically you have renewed protection against body odor.

That's why Plus keeps you dry and smelling good for a long, long time.

And keeping dry, don't forget, is one way of not catching cold.



ty, but the tedium of long waits to place bets might soon drive many a bettor back to his neighborhood bookie. And if this doesn't do it, the limited action of harness racing could. The OTB now must entice an agreement with the very reluctant New York flat tracks if it is to attract the more sophisticated and larger plungers. And it must survive a growing storm of lawsuits, most of them questioning the constitutionality of a city's cutting into the profits of a private enterprise. On still another front the unions seem prepared to battle the OTB to their last picket. Finally, there are the horse owners who fear that OTB will reduce attendance and track handles, which, in turn, will slice a sizable chunk from the purses.

On the opening Thursday $66,098 went into the OTB windows, and on the following day the take was raised to $77,352. Saturday's score was $80,670. "Hooray," said Samuels, who admits he still thinks a long shot is something out of a rifle over 500 yards. "God help us," moaned the people at Roosevelt when the grayish-green computer tapes transmitted from the OTB offices blew their machines. Duffy, the union leader, called in five of his men the first night and sent them to the $10 machines. There, after scratches, they punched out 6,233 tickets—including three $2 tickets. When the same foul-up happened the second night, Duffy was looking to do some punching of his own.

"Who the bleep needs this?" he roared. "We've got 9,000 people working on one lousy $60,000 bet. Hell, we do more than that in one race. Everything around here is bleeping OTB. I wish Lindsay would take it and stick it in his ear."

"Now, now," said Samuels serenely, "you can't expect too much too soon. We've had birth pains and now we are having growing pains as well."

Do not give up on Howie the Horse, as Samuels laughingly tagged himself when he took the job. In 1946 he and his brother Richard borrowed a small amount of money and went into the plastics business. Four years ago they sold the business, netting $23 million each. "And he's learning about horses, too," said Irving Rudd, the OTB's peppery little publicity chief. "Just the other day he told me the difference between a fetlock and a foreleg. He's looking good. And he'll look even better after I have a talk with his tailor." END

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It's tough on your beard.
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Gillette Techmatic. It's tough on your beard. Not on your face.

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CURTAIN UP ON A MOD NEW ACT

The Thoroughly Modern Phillies, the red-hosed White Sox, orange Astros and lower-cased Angels were just some of the changes as baseball splashed into 1971 on a wave of color and innovation **by ROY BLOUNT JR.**

George (Stud) Myatt, the Phillies' venerable third-base coach, stood in brand-new Philadelphia Veterans Stadium last Saturday, resplendent in his innovative red shoes with white stripes and his bright red-and-white uniform with a mod small "p" on the shirt. He shifted his venerable chaw and spat liberally on the latest-model wall-to-wall AstroTurf. Was there anything, he was asked, to the rumor that Phillies who chew had been urged to avoid getting tobacco juice on the artificial surface?

"If they don't want me to spit on it," Myatt replied, "they're going to have to give me a spittoon. My wife gives me one so I don't spit on the carpet when I'm home."

More generally, how did Myatt feel about plying his trade against the backdrop of the new $50-some-odd million facility with its usherettes in mini-culottes and hot pants, its $15,000 "super boxes," its gaudy scoreboard and its other extravagant features? For instance, the "dancing waters" behind the centerfield wall, which were just then coming up green. "How would you like to have green spots on you?" he was asked.

"I've had those," he said.

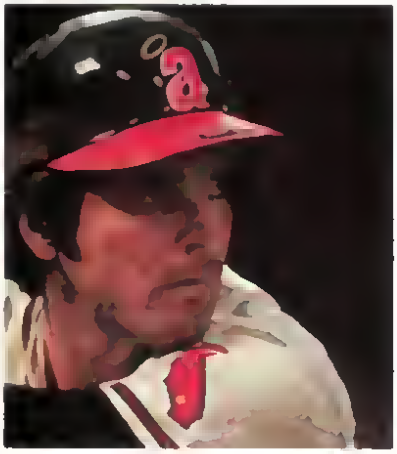
Whatever obscure condition the old coach may have been recollecting, the drift of his remarks was reasonably clear. Baseball has broken out in a rash of new looks this spring—from the red socks currently being affected by the White Sox to the new uniforms and home of the "Thoroughly Modern Phillies" (as they have been called). But that doesn't mean that there is anything profoundly new under the tentative early-season sun.

The point was made more specifically a few minutes later by Gene Mauch, who used to manage the Phillies and now manages the Expos. (Montreal, incidentally, started the current fad of using all lower-case letters in its logo;

Waiting in wings before grand openings were demure Philadelphia Phillie ready to be hit, and a White Sox player in vivid red, ready to hit.







New Angel Tony Conigliaro wore a new hat.

the Phillies and the California Angels have taken up such trendy typography this year.) Mauch had brought his Expos into town for the new stadium's inaugural game, and his attention was directed to Philadelphia Phil and Philadelphia Phillis, the mammoth kewpie dolls in Colonial garb whose function has been described by Phillies special-effects executive Bill Giles as follows:

"They are part of my home run spectacular. When a Phillie hits a homer, Philadelphia Phil will appear between the boards in center field and hit a baseball. It will travel toward the message board in right center and strike a Liberty Bell. The bell will glow and its crack will light up. The ball will continue and hit little Philadelphia Phillis in the fanny and she will fall down. As she falls, she will pull a lanyard on a cannon and the cannon will explode. After smoke and sound effects, a Colonial American flag will drop down. Then my dancing waters will come into play to the tune of *Stars and Stripes Forever*."

As it happened, when Third Baseman Don Money produced a Phillie homer against Mauch's Expos, "the ball" (a light running unobtrusively along a track between Phil and Phillis) was barely visible, the bell failed to glow, Phillis struck a thoroughly warranted blow for Women's Liberation by declining to fall down and the cannon smoke and the cannon noise went off independently of one another. The assumption before the game, however, was that the home run spectacular would captivate the sellout crowd. How did Mauch feel about baseball's greater and greater reliance upon such gimmickery?

"It's here," said Mauch resignedly. He sounded like Ethyl Barrymore at a performance of *Oh! Calcutta!*

"It's here," he said, "and just like in the Astrodome, the fans will come to see it at first, but after a while they will come to see a ball game."

Fortunately, not to say surprisingly, a ball game is what the Expos and the Phillies gave the spectators on Holy Saturday. It was a competent 4–1 victory by the Phils—featuring a triple over the drawn-in outfield and three fine fielding plays by wispy young Shortstop Larry Bowa (who isn't called Bowa Constrictor because he doesn't choke); an over-the-shoulder catch in left field by John Briggs; a 220th lifetime win by 39-year-old Jim Bunning (the oldest starting pitcher in baseball, performing in the youngest park); and an inning and two-thirds of hitless relief by whippy Joe Hoerner.

And glory be. The 55,352 fans in paying attendance (all 56,371 seats were sold in advance, but nippy weather caused a few no-shows) did not boo. Well, they did boo Phillies General Manager John Quinn, Phillies President Bob Carpenter, Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn and even, to some extent, national anthem singer Mike Douglas in the pregame ceremonies, but they did not boo the ball game. They did not even boo Philadelphia Phil and Phillis or the Liberty Bell. They acted as though they could take Philadelphia Phil and Phillis and the Liberty Bell or leave them alone. They cheered the ball game.

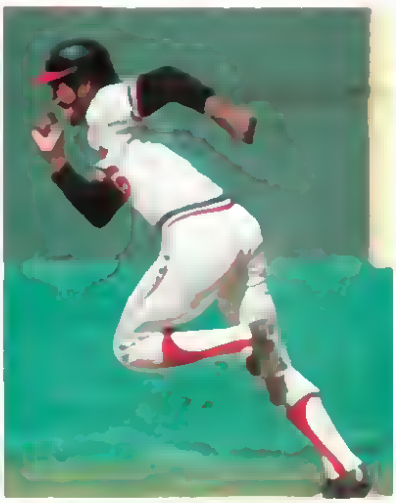


New Net Curt Flood raced in old black shoes.

This from a constituency that traditionally boos everything for miles around. "When there was an Easter egg hunt before a game in Connie Mack Stadium," claims former Phillie Catcher Bob Uecker, now a member of the Braves' speakers bureau, "there would be a few kids who wouldn't get any eggs. The crowd would boo them. I've seen people in Philadelphia standing on street corners booing each other."

continued

Paul Blair stretched out in new Oriole suit.



Phils' new fire engine brought feet relief.




10







Mauch was asked whether he thought the new stadium itself would stop the booing.

"Hell, no," he said.

But the stadium's architects, he was told, had implied that a classy new stadium would inject class into the fans.

"They've already got class," said Mauch. "We went two whole years [that would be 1963 and '64, when the Phils finished a strong fourth and a fading second] without a boo. They want good baseball."

Could that be? In baseball's first week of 1971 the Orioles and the Cardinals zipped about in vivid new zipperless stretch suits. The Astros showed up in orange hats, socks, sweatshirts, belts and lettering and with their names on their backs. The Senators wore stiff new white shoes with red and blue stripes in pregame practice (trying to break them in enough so that they could be worn in games). The Orioles wore traditional black shoes with renewed appreciation after trying orange shoes and hating them. With all that going on, could it be that the most notable, the most crowd-pleasing developments of the week were Willie Mays' 629th, 630th, 631st and 632nd career home runs, or Willie Stargell's three homers in one game, to give him four, too, or Nate Colbert's five homers in his first six games, Denny McLain's first victory for Washington, an impressive 10-inning affair, or the three successful sacrifice bunts (including one suicide squeeze) that Pittsburgh's Dock Ellis laid down in one game?

It could be. On the other hand, when teams change long-standing plumage—and especially when a city such as Philadelphia, which Ueeker has described as "the East Germany of America," completes a new stadium and inaugurates it with Rube Goldbergian hoopla—it is news, and attention must be paid.

This is especially so considering how much good old-fashioned controversy has surrounded the building of the seven-level stadium, which will also house the National Football League Eagles. At least eight sites were considered and rejected before planners settled upon a 74-acre parcel in South Philadelphia, adjacent to two other well-known arenas—the hockey and basketball Spectrum (which once had its roof blown off by a high wind) and the 102,000-seat college-football J. F. Kennedy Stadium (which has been called the largest white elephant in the country). In November 1964 the electorate approved a $25 million structure.

Then debate raged over the design. To the disappointment of traditionalists who were tired of seeing every new stadium turn up round, the final decision was for an "octorad" shape, which is said to be formed by eight straight lines but which is the spitting image of round. After ground was finally broken in late 1967 there followed labor strikes, bad weather and a grand jury probe, which led to one indictment and seven indictments quashed on technicalities. The stadium's cost, all to be borne by the taxpayer, has risen to $49.5 million, and City Controller Tom Gola says the final figure may reach $100 million. The seats are roomy, they offer excellent visibility, and they are becomingly painted in earth colors—orange, yellow, tan, brown and terra-cotta. There are also 23 super boxes, priced at $12,950 to $15,400 per year, all of which have been snapped up. Yet to be finished is the plush Stadium Club with a 200-foot bar (which is surely longer than most balls hit by the Phillies last year).

The $3 million scoreboard complex is the most expensive ever installed. Aside from the dubious home run spectacular, there are the usual animated cartoons. At least one of them unveiled Saturday was actually funny. It depicted a pitcher being lifted, going to the showers, finding an out of order sign, kicking a pipe and causing a leak that sweeps him out of the ball park to a birdbath far away, where a bathing bird calls the washed-up pitcher safe and shakes onto him an irritating small shower. This cartoon was less funny the second time it was shown within three innings, however, helping the Phillies decide that from now on it will be shown only once a game. When another cartoon came on as Bunning left the mound, it was an uncalled-for distraction. When a Bunning is relieved at home after pitching as well as he did Saturday the focus should be on his walk to the dugout.

Throughout the game considerable fan reaction was focused on the usherettes, known as Fillies. There were 140 of them, recruited from 432 applicants after being advised by letter to wear "your shortest skirt and tightest blouse" to the interviews. The 35 Fillies officially designated best looking were called, collectively, the Hot Pants Patrol and were attired in red hot pants. In 48° inauguration-day weather they were also fitted out in blue cold legs.

But the show went on. No doubt there were those in the stands who had objected to the name Philadelphia Veterans Stadium, which was championed by City Council President Paul D'Ortona. Councilman John B. Kelly Jr., the sculler and new AAU president, had preferred the name Philadium, and fans responding to a newspaper competition had proposed other names—Payola Park, Indictment Bowl, Inflatium, Stench Stadium (in reference to fumes produced by factories, oil refineries and an incinerator in the vicinity) and Tortoise Stadium (in reference to the pace of construction).

By whatever name, however, the new stadium is much more hospitable than its run-down predecessor. In fact, it is a beautiful place. Furthermore, if there had been no new stadium last Saturday there would have been no real reason to drop the home season's first ball out of a helicopter from a height of 150 feet to second-string Catcher Mike Ryan. "Oh, great," objected one man. "Last year they had four catchers out hurt and now they're going to bomb one." Giles, whose idea the helicopter stunt was, used to be in charge of that kind of thing for the Astros. In Houston he had caused a ball to be dropped without spin from the Astrodome roof, and it had behaved like a hundred-mile-an-hour knuckleball, nearly killing Catcher John Bateman. A slight topspin was imparted to Saturday's ball as it left the copter. Ryan handled the chance without losing even a tooth.

It was no real innovation—in 1908 Gabby Street of the Senators caught a ball dropped off the Washington Monument—but the fans approved of it. It was a good little warm-up for a ball game. If the Phillies keep playing good ball games it may be years and years before they are booed out of another stadium. END

Inspired, perhaps, by usherette of the elite Hot Pants Patrol, Phils' Larry Bowa singled in first inning of inaugural game and stole second as the ball eluded Expos' Bobby Wine.

Portrait in Powder

Hiding inside every skier is a bit of mad artist with a passion for cutting patterns in the snow. Problem is, the slope must be untracked, like a giant white canvas, and such hills are hard to find. But there is one, maybe the best in America, at Jackson Hole, Wyo., and on a recent morning in a perfect setting of sun and new powder 15 two-man teams carved it up, each team cablestitching the slope in a free-swinging 30 seconds. The result was a skier's delight, and perhaps that explains the part about the mad artist: one more snowfall and that big, beautiful picture is gone forever.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FLETCHER HANLEY





This time the Milwaukee Bucks are going to win the championship of professional basketball: such is the contention of Lew Alcindor. He tells Jack Olsen even before the semifinal playoffs are completed that he is looking ahead to revenge against the Knicks, who beat Milwaukee four games to one last year. But with Oscar Robertson (below) alongside him, Alcindor argues that his Bucks are now the better team. Knick fans are entitled to hope he is just whistling past the graveyard

WE'VE GOT TO SPREAD A LITTLE ANARCHY

• Lew, I read someplace where you're much more relaxed about interviews this year, but you still get a little aggravated when you're asked a lot of stupid questions.

Right.

• O.K. Let's get all the stupid questions out of the way first. How's the weather up there? Gee, ain't it raining up there? Do you still get questions like that?

Yeah, the same old stuff.

• What else do they ask you?

They ask me what kind of gum I chew during the games.

• What kind?

Juicy Fruit.

• All the time?

Yeah.

• You don't have a special come-from-behind gum, a gum with a little extra on it?

Yeah, Juicy Fruit. When we're behind, I just chew faster.

• All right, now we've covered all the dumb questions that other people ask you. Now I have some dumb questions of my own. Lew, what kind of shape are you in?

Physically, I've been in good shape since the beginning of this season, knock wood. I've been very lucky.

• And mentally?

Well, let's say I've recuperated. For a while there, I wasn't in such great shape mentally, but we had a couple of days off at the end of the regular season and now I feel better. I went home to Los Angeles and fooled around for a couple of days.

• Wasn't there a week or so between the end of the season and the first playoff game?

There was, but [Coach Larry] Cos-



tello made us come back to Milwaukee for four and a half days of practice.

- He works your tails off, doesn't he?

Yeah, he's tough. But it's a job, you get paid good money, you ought to be willing to work a little. You gotta *work!* The only way you can do it is to develop a professional attitude

- Have you got one?

Yep. I do now. I didn't last year. I mean, I had to find one last year. Through experience. Now I've got it. Now I think I'm a pro.

- You had to get used to a lot of things when you went from UCLA to the NBA. This must be the first time in your life that you've ever been in a situation where you might lose two or three games in a row once in a while. Did that get you down at first?

No, because it was like coming back to reality, the reality that I learned as a little kid in New York City. In my last six years of amateur basketball, my team lost three games. That was unreality, that was not a real life situation. Losing two or three or four games in a row, that's real, normal, average. I don't like to do it, but I can stand it.

- There's a rumor around the league that the only thing that can beat you—I mean beat Lew Alcindor personally—is muscle, pure physical combat. Did you find yourself getting shoved around this year much?

Yeah, but I was ready for it this year. I'm stronger than I was.

- You mean you just muscle 'em back?

No, no! That's the last thing I'll do! That's not my game. I mean I've learned the correct moves against the musclemen. When I feel the pressure, I roll on it, roll on the pressure point. That way I just spin off.

- So it never comes to a real muscle-to-muscle situation, or elbow-to-elbow?

No, because that *would* defeat me. That's not my game. I'm not interested in tag-team wrestling, I'm a basketball player. I'm not overpoweringly strong, but I'm strong enough to do my thing. I'll settle for being Sugar Ray. Let somebody else be Rocky Marciano.

- What else have you learned to do this year, besides avoiding open warfare?

I can rebound. I mean I can rebound professionally. Consistently. Last year there'd be periods when my timing was messed up. I didn't always know when to go to the boards. Now I've learned.

- Is your dribbling any better?

I always could dribble, but I didn't always know when to dribble. That's something else I think I've learned this year.

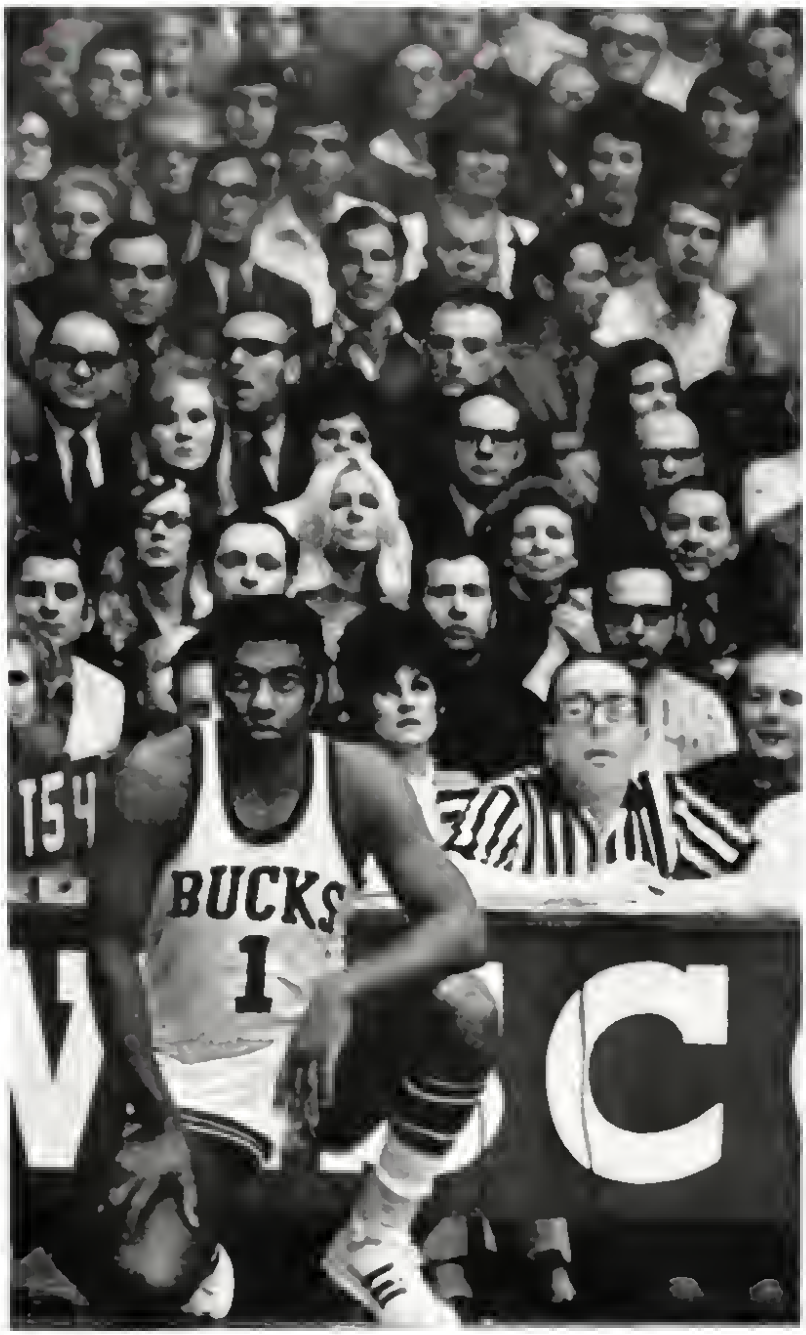
- The commonest question that's asked about you—and maybe it's a dumb question, too—is: What's the best way to use you? A lot of people say all you've got to do is get the ball to Lew and he'll score. And when the Bucks aren't getting the ball to you, the fans think it's stupid and shortsighted. What about it?

Well, the whole thing's a big oversimplification. I can be very effective, sure, but my effectiveness isn't self-perpetuating unless it's used correctly. It becomes futile to keep passing the ball to me and expecting me to stuff it. Then the other team starts climbing all over me and I'm useless. I don't care whether I'm on your team or who's on your team, you've got to play as a team, got to do all your different things and mix 'em up, keep the opponent guessing.

- Like your team at UCLA?

Right. When all five guys are out there working, then the big guy's effective and he stays effective. That's one of the problems Wilt has had. They expected him to do it all. Power, power, power. But

continued



after a while they ground him down. You can't power everybody, and the other teams begin getting to you.

- Have the Bucks become a little lazier on defense, with you in there to back them up?

Not at all. They've hustled on defense. Defense has won a lot of games for us this year.

- Yeah, but not against the Knicks. You're 1 and 4 against the Knicks this year, and you're something like 4 and 18 lifetime. What happens to you guys when you play the Knicks?

I don't know. Man, I just don't know! Like the Knicks bring out the worst in us. They really do. The first two times we played 'em this year, we had both games won, and then we stopped playing in the last four or five minutes. Weird!

- It's psychological.

No, it isn't! I mean, they *don't* psych us! When you're psyched, you're scared. Either you're scared you're gonna lose, or you're scared you're gonna look bad and get shown up and be embarrassed. That's not what happens to us.

- You don't get that tight, dry feeling in the throat, like your toothbrush is stuck down there?

No, it isn't that at all. It's more mysterious than that. Maybe it's voodoo.

- Don't you hear those drums coming from the Knicks' dressing room? Drums, or something!
- In one of your games with the Knicks this year, you were way ahead and the Knicks had to take Willis Reed out and put Phil Jackson in, and you ought to be able to handle Phil Jackson easy. Only nobody passed the ball to you.

Right. I got one shot in the last five minutes. And we lost.

- Why? I've got a 12-year-old son who would've known to get the ball to you under those conditions.

I don't know. It's part of the weird thing we've got against the Knicks. Maybe it's just inexperience. Maybe they rattle us.

- Well, the Knicks are known for that. They produce a lot of tension, a lot of movement, in the last five minutes. It's like playing against five Waring blenders out there.

Right. They put the heat on you. Zone presses and everything. And they try to throw the other team out of its game. They've done that against us real well.

- Do you talk about it with your teammates? Do you try to figure out how New York puts the whammy on you?

We don't know what to talk about! We don't know how to explain it. So we don't talk about it.

- Well, how'd you beat 'em in that one game in Milwaukee?

We just went out there and did our thing and beat 'em easy, playing our own game. Oscar [Robertson] made a lot of difference.

- Yeah, that's the understatement of the year. You guys racked up the second-best season record in NBA history, so it looks like Oscar might have helped you a little.

Funny about Oscar. I used to think he's such a hard guy, a very hard guy, grumpy and all. First time I ever met Oscar was a couple of years ago in an exhibition game in the Catskills, and Oscar and I got put on the same team.

- What happened?

He got the ball and he drove, and I cut the wrong way. Man, he yelled at me! He said, "Listen, you got to do it this way!"

- What'd you do?

What'd I do? I listened, man, that's what I did! When Oscar Robertson talks, you *listen!* And it helped me. The next time he drove, I cut the right way, and he got the ball to me and I scored. And I said to myself, "Well, well! You've just met Oscar Robertson, and already he's taught you something!" So I've got to like him. Another good thing about Oscar: he *wants* that championship! Me, I've got some time, but Oscar wants it right now. Right this year! And he's got us all feeling that way.

- What does Oscar do for you, and you for Oscar?

The main thing we've done is change our attitudes. Oscar knows he doesn't have to do it all, and vice versa—I know I don't have to do it all. I know that Oscar's gonna be consistently proficient in bringing the ball up and setting up plays and making the outside shots. I know I'm gonna get him the ball, and he knows that I'm gonna put the ball in the hoop when he gets it to me.

- Last year you were a lot less relaxed, you were a little grouchy and truculent yourself. I'm not so sure you and Oscar would have worked last year.

Oh, yes, we would! Oscar respects people that can perform. Sometimes I think that's *all* Oscar respects. If you don't put out, you lose Oscar's respect fast.

- He must put the fear of God into you out there.

He does! He curses guys out right on the floor! For not putting out. For acting flaky. He tells 'em. And that's good. Because a team has to have somebody like that. I won't do it, myself. I'm a little too humanitarian. But Oscar doesn't have that problem.

- Well, the big question in sports right now is, can the Milwaukee Bucks with grumpy Oscar and sweet-natured Lew beat the New York Knicks?

That's no big question. The answer is yes. We can, and we will.

- Well, why didn't you beat them more in the regular season?

They got up for us, that's all.

- The Knicks seem to get higher against you than anybody else.

Yes, they do. They have more energy against us than they have against the whole rest of the league.

- Did it shake you up to lose to them last year?

I wouldn't say it shook me up, but I didn't like it one bit, either. But the truth is they *should* have beaten us. They had the better team. This year is another story. What's to stop us?

- Well, Willis Reed, for one. Didn't Willis push you around last year in the playoffs, or try to?

Sure. He tried to. And he's been trying it again this year. Like he'll take an occasional swing at me. Trying to intimidate me.

- If Willis Reed tonk an occasional swing at me, he'd intimidate me all the way into the Central Alps.

Yeah, but you can't let it bother you, man. He keeps on trying to do it, and I keep on slipping away. Basketball is not a contact sport.

- Well, somebody wrote that he gave you a pretty good elbow in the playoffs last year, and you've been scared of him ever since.

You know me better.

- But most people think you were shoved around, and that's one reason the Bucks lost in five games.

Well, I *was* shoved around a little bit, but I also averaged 35 points a game. So he couldn't have been shoving me around too much.

- People go around saying, "Well, Willis handled Big Lew last year, and he'll handle him again this year."

Right. They do say that.

- I think the legend is firm by now, Lew-

continued


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What legend?

- The legend that Willis mauled you last year and that's why you lost.

Yeah, maybe you're right. I know one thing: that legend bothers my teammates, you know. They didn't like it when they read how Willis had handled me, because they knew it just wasn't true. Your own magazine said it wasn't true.

- Yeah, Frank Deford wrote it. He said the action didn't turn on a simple duel of Reed vs Alcindor. He said it was the Knicks vs Alcindor.

And he said that the press kept writing I Samuel 17. I liked that! I Samuel 17! David and Goliath!

- Well, if the Bucks-Knicks games can't be explained by Biblical references, what does explain them?

Match-ups. The match-ups are very bad.

- What do you mean?

Their forwards are the most difficult in the league for our forwards. They usually have DeBusschere on Greg Smith or DeBusschere on Bob Dandridge and Bradley on Greg Smith. DeBusschere can overpower Dandridge on offense and defense, and it usually ends up that DeBusschere's the one that cost us the game. He puts 'em in from the outside, and he drives on us.

- Is it that simple?

No, it isn't. New York just gets way up against us. They make all kinds of shots against us. They make 25-footers like lay-ups. No team should be able to shoot like that consistently, but they seem to do it every time we play.

- And that includes Willis, doesn't it? I remember him last year making that dainty little one-hander from the top of the key, over and over and over again. He'd miss your fingertips by about a thousandth of an inch. Impossible!

Yeah, but he made it possible.

- What are you gonna do about it?

Well, I don't know. See, I can't go out on Willis. I'm needed around the basket, because when I'm away from the basket New York's got Walt Frazier coming in on the boards, and DeBusschere and Bradley, or sometimes Dave Stallworth. So if I leave the boards, that gives New York a definite advantage on us. But if I don't leave the boards, Willis makes that shot from the foul line, and if I go out and play him and make him miss, he passes off to DeBusschere or Bradley for one of those open 20-footers that they never seem to miss.

- Well, there surely has to be some solution.

No, there surely doesn't. Except maybe I can grind Willis down a little. He's five years older than me. Maybe I can run him a little, test his legs.

- What's your overall team plan for the finals?

Well, we're just gonna have to count on me and Oscar doing more than our usual. The Knicks seem to take the attitude that they'll hold me and Oscar to our averages and then beat our other players head-to-head, and that's pretty much the way it's been.

- They'll neutralize you and Oscar and beat Jon McGlocklin, Smith and Dandridge?

Right. So Oscar and I will have to do more than our averages, and that'll take some of the pressure off the other guys, open things for them so they can do their thing. And if they can just do their thing the way they've been doing it all season, we'll beat New York easy.

- Somehow you've got to equalize the situation at forward.

Right. If our forwards will just go out and do their thing, we can beat New York to death. Their forwards are slow, and ours are very fast. Bradley and DeBusschere can't run; everybody knows that. But before now, they've always been able to offset our speed advantage.

- Yeah, because they're strong and they're great outside shooters. What about the situation at guard?

This year we've got 'em at the guards. Oscar Robertson and any other guard in the league would be too tough for New York's guards. Oscar Robertson and *you* would be too tough. McGlocklin and Lucius Allen have been doing a great job. And we've got another advantage on the Knicks this year. Consistency. We've been much more consistent than they have. They've been able to get up for us every month or so, but they haven't been able to stay up. In the playoffs they're gonna have to be up for all their games, and I don't think they can do it—I think it's gonna wear 'em out. Attrition should get them. They're not the team they were last year. We're a young team growing into maturity. They're an older team getting older. Age has got to take a lot out of them. And when their age starts to show,

continued



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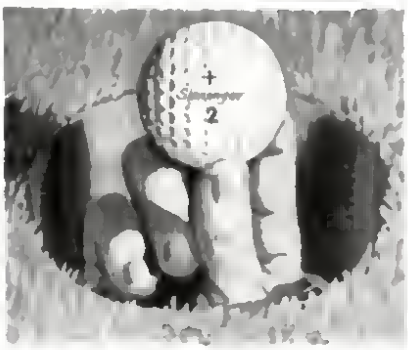
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- Their inner action?

Yeah, the Knicks have a very delicate balance in there. Like if they start getting hurt on the inside a lot, it throws their whole thing off. They play a little inside zone, you know? Everybody tries to play an inside zone, but the Knicks play it the best. So we've got to do things to open up the inside, throw off their zone and their timing, get me inside, pull things in a little bit too tight for them to make their zone work. We've got to disrupt their coolness. We can't give 'em time to be so methodical. We've got to spread a little anarchy out there, shake 'em up, move 'em around.

- Yes, but what're you planning to do about their fast hands? They still have the fastest hands in the game.

No, they don't. They *used* to have the fastest hands in the game. Last year you never knew whose hand was gonna come snaking out and take that ball off you, but this year Walt Frazier is the only Knick making steals. The others are getting too old. Great players like Dick Barnett—he's getting old and tired.

- What about the money? Does all that money motivate you to go out and win the playoffs?

It may motivate some of us. But I never had a big thing about money. When I didn't have it, I didn't worry about it. Now that I have a little, I don't have to worry about it. Money has never been important to me.

- What are you doing with your money these days, Lewis?

Nothing much. I don't spend much. I went out and bought a Cadillac because I needed plenty of legroom, and now I've got a Mercedes 300 SEL with a 6.3 engine. It's mean! But I don't get to drive it much. . . . How'd we get off on this? We're supposed to be talking basketball. Jock stuff.

- Right. Here's a jock question: Who's the best center you play against?

That's a dumb question. I get asked that same question every week and every week I say "Nate Thurmond," and every week somebody asks me again.

- Yeah, but you seemed to have a pretty easy time against Nate and the Warriors in the playoffs.

We beat 'em, yes, but I wouldn't say we had an easy time. At least I didn't have an easy time against Nate. *Nobody* has an easy time against Nate.

continued



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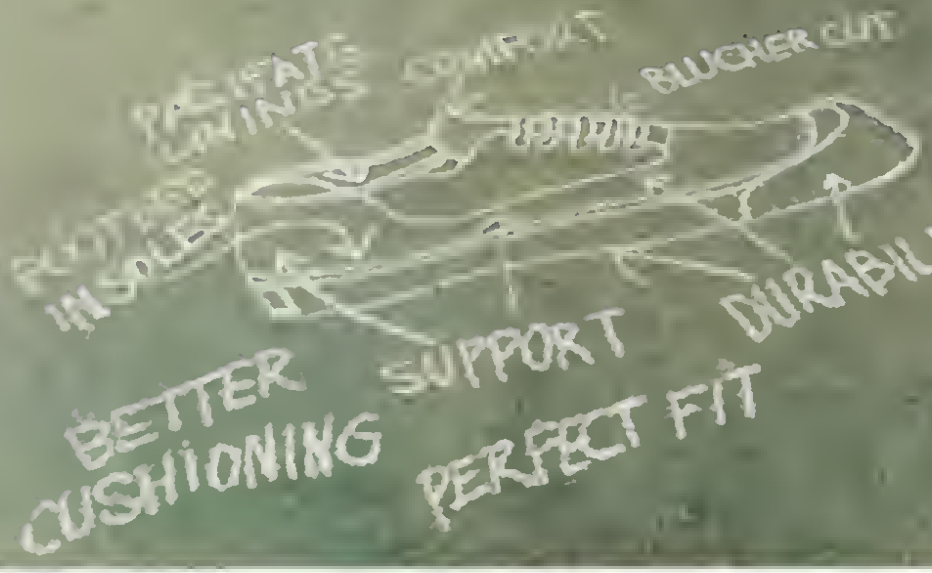
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- Do you still try to get up higher for Wilt than for any other center?

I don't know if I try. But I do know that you *have* to get up against Wilt, or he'll kill you out there. I'm not out to prove anything against Wilt. I'm just out to survive against him. And to do that you have to be up. You have to play at the top of your game just to come out even against him.

- You're the Most Valuable Player in the other players' opinion. Who's the MVP in your opinion?

I voted for Dave Bing. He's — wow! he's a hell of a player.

- If you had to pick a team to play the best team on Mars an All-Earth team, who would you pick?

Oscar and Jerry West, Dave Bing, Gus Johnson, Connie Hawkins, Nate Thurmond and Willis Reed. John Havlicek.

- You have three years left on your contract, the one where they gave you the entire eastern half of Wisconsin plus the Strategic Air Command. What then?

It's up in the air.

- With all the money that the other league is throwing around, have you thought of jumping your contract?

Nope.

- What if I told you about a league where you can get $5,000 a game? Would you jump?

Where?

- Italy. They'll pay $5,000 like a game. How much is that?
- I don't know. $8, $10.

Don't tempt me!

- Lew, if you and the Bucks go all the way this year, won't that be kind of early for you to peak? I mean, what will you do for an encore at age 24?

I'll worry about the encore later. Just let us win it. That would put me on the very top, you know, and even if we didn't repeat it'd be all right. We've been all the way up the mountain.

- Lew, somebody told me you've developed a good Bogart impression.

Play it again, Sham.

- Is that it? Is that the whole impression?

That's it.

- It needs work, Lew. Did I ask you everything?

Nope.

- What'd I forget?

You forgot to ask how high is up?

- Lew, how high is up?

Aw, man . . .

END

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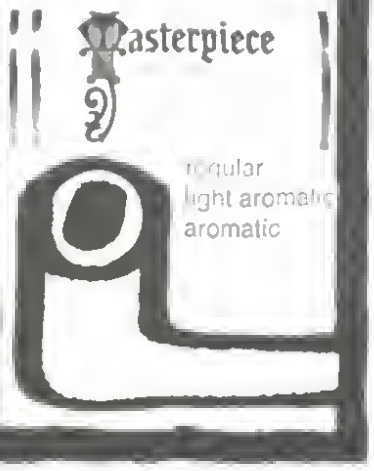
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To sportsmen the world over, active and passive, the experience of doing or viewing is incomplete without a more or less instant replay. Nowhere, perhaps, has civilization loosened more tongues more agreeably than in Britain, where pubs, pints and olde sports are coeternal. On these pages appear some of the most famous inns, even more renowned as rehashing clubs than watering places. The sport varies from county to county, just as the pub does. It may be a half-timbered inn set in a quiet corner of the countryside near a trout stream, or some early Victorian pub in London with frosted-glass windows and ornamental tiles, like the Noble Art in Hampstead, where the customers rub elbows with 'Enery Cooper, the former British heavyweight champion. Or it could be a soccer pub in the grimy north of England, all done up in Naugahyde and plastic aspidistras, where the locals drink bitter and talk with violent partisanship about the big pro clubs. One such is the Footballers Arms in Burnley, in its own way as essential to sporting palaver as Wembley itself. Whatever the locale, beyond Tudor beams or Victorian marble counters, the true sporting pub must possess a friendly group of regulars with similar sporting interests and a bit of a thirst.

Inns have been in the habit of advertising themselves with painted signboards for 2,000 years or so, and signs like the Falcon and the Cock Inn provide a glimpse of a vanishing sporting life. Falconry is the oldest and most aristocratic of all sports of the field, cockfighting among the most barbarous, the kings of England enjoyed and practiced both. Though often suppressed, cockfighting was tremendously popular for many centuries, and a few old inns still have cockpits (paved with sheep's knucklebones to give the birds a nonskid foothold). Today cockfighting is illegal, but even now it is practiced on the sly.

Before settling down to a quiet life of beer and skittles, British pubs sponsored a number of other violent pastimes, among them bearbaiting, bullbaiting and the dog and duck-pond—all of which were advertised on the inn signboards.

At the Dog and Duck, the 18th-century innkeeper would let loose a duck, its wings pinioned, on a large pond. One by one the customers' dogs were unleashed. A considerable splashing followed. The duck dived, the dogs barked, the customers yelled and stamped and bets flew.

Since, as is well known, the British will bet on anything, gambling in one form or another is still focused on the local inn. Darts and shove ha'penny have replaced the blood and feathers of the 18th century, but the really serious gambling is on the horse. The Jockey Club was born in an inn, and all over Britain there are famous racing pubs. The broad main street of Epsom is lined with them. At the Amato, whose sign pictures the Derby winner of 1838, someone chalks up the name of the presumed winner on the night before the big race. In the past 25 years this message has been right five times, proving nothing much except that a horse can run away with your money anywhere—even in a British racing pub with the best possible vibrations.

—PAMELA KNIGHT

B[illegible] *of the air and beasts of the turf share billing with the cricketer. In this instance the team is from Meopham, in the county of Kent, and makes its headquarters at an inn overlooking the cricket pitch. After a match the flannelled men change grounds and the inn has its innings.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERRY CRANHAM


IND COOPE
THE CRICKETERS


THE FALCON


THE


OAKS
TAVERN

Beer and sports have been mixing it up in Britain since the Romans first moved in. In those days cockfights were held on the premises of the Cock Inn. Most cockpits disappeared long ago, but the hunt still forgathers at the Fox and Hounds and supporters of the soccer team thrash out the finer points in the bar parlour of the Footballers Arms. The Air Balloon, which started out in the 16th century as the Anne Boleyn, is another cricket hangout, while the Kingsholm caters to rugger thirsts, the Noble Art invites debate on pugs and such and, at the Sportsman, one good shot may well quaff another.








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Hunters Inn


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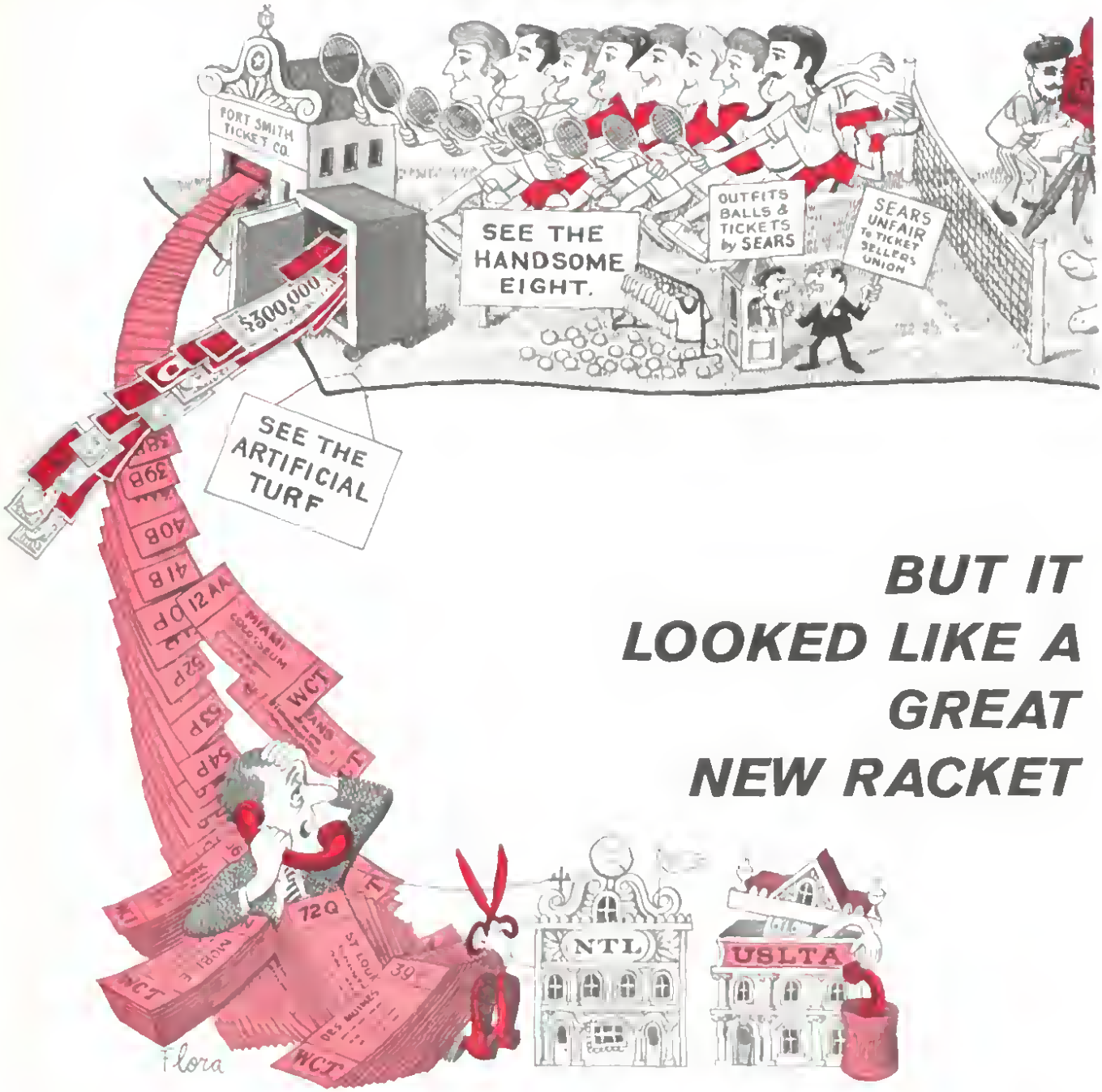
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BUT IT LOOKED LIKE A GREAT NEW RACKET

by ***BOB BRINER*** *with* ***FRANK DEFORD***

When he plotted the take-over of pro tennis, the author envisioned immediate riches. Instead he found the sport produced only headaches and a girl who was Leslie Howard's grandfather

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JIM FLORA



Bob Briner is a modern Marco Polo for he has traveled among strange and distant peoples and come back to tell his tale. Briner's adventure took place in the world of tennis. First under Dave Dixon, who conceived the organization, and then under Lamar Hunt, Briner helped run World Championship Tennis for almost two years, from its inception late in 1967 until he left to enter private business in September 1969.

When he first came to tennis he was unknown, but Briner's departure was viewed with almost universal regret; he was considered in many quarters the only logical choice to be the sport's first commissioner. Now just 35, Briner is the executive vice president of the Texas Chaparrals of the American Basketball Association, a position he assumed at the start of 1971.

Until I became involved in Dave Dixon's plot to take over professional tennis I had never seen an official match in my life. Less than a year later I was one of the two or three most powerful tennis brokers in the world.

While I can assure you that no past experience can prepare a man for this position, I was definitely out of my element. I had come to New Orleans from the office of the Miami Dolphins to work under Dixon on the commission that was seeking to bring a domed stadium to New Orleans. Before that I had been a coach and an athletic director at several schools and small colleges in the Midwest, where I suppose I was associated with every sport but tennis. Sometimes I think I must be trying to gain working experience in as many sports as Lamar Hunt owns.

The tennis job began all at once on Saturday, July 22, 1967. The date is worth pinpointing for posterity because it was at that moment that the game of tennis, as it had been known up till then, ended. The sport today, with the emphasis on professionals and open tennis, with large amounts of legal prize money and greater public acceptance, was effectively created that afternoon in New Orleans by Dave Dixon.

Dave, who is now back running the stadium commission, is a brilliant man, with the most imaginative mind that I have ever encountered. His only trouble is that he spews out so many ideas on a regular basis that he has difficulty discerning the good ones from the bad. That afternoon he was absorbed in a magazine article. It was, in fact, one that appeared in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (July 24, 1967), a piece about the pro tennis tour, such as it was at that time. Dave finished the article, leaned back in his living-room chair, and I swear this is exactly what he said: "Bob, we're going to take over tennis and make a fortune at it." By the time I left his house that afternoon, we had the principles of the coup laid out sufficiently to have arrived at the conclusion that we would make $17,000 profit every week from the venture. *As a starter*, $17,000 a week.

Dave gave me the job of finding out where the pro tour was. Obviously, if you were going to take something over and, as a starter, make $17,000 a week off of it, it was imperative that you at least make contact with this something. I didn't know it at the time, but this is [illegible] things get tough it [illegible] I [illegible] people. On this [illegible] I was [illegible] to locate pro tennis [illegible] At last I discovered that it [illegible] hidden out in the mountains near Binghamton, N.Y. The first person Dave and I saw (there being precious few spectators) was Dennis Ralston. Neither of us had the slightest inkling of who he was, which is of some interest because a couple months later we both quit our jobs and founded World Championship Tennis to build a tour strictly around Dennis Ralston.

I guess that suburban Binghamton was as good a place as any to drop off into never-never land, and that is what tennis is. I am not kidding when I say that one of the hardest things in the game is to contact people. It used to take me days, for instance, to reach Bob Malaga, the executive director of the USLTA. And I had just as much trouble getting hold of my pro colleague, George MacCall, who ran the National Tennis League, which then featured Rod Laver and Pancho Gonzales.

On the occasions when I could contact both MacCall and the USLTA and arrange a meeting, it was hardly worth the effort. I'm sure that the North Korean peace talks offer more in the way of rational, fruitful dialogue, and those negotiations have been going on for almost two decades with no apparent result. I can remember a series of meetings that George and I—the pros—had with Malaga and Bob Kelleher, then the president of the USLTA. Before we sat down, Kelleher and MacCall would be arguing about how MacCall blew the Davis Cup a couple years before when he was captain—or something equally germane. Malaga and I would end up just sitting there while MacCall and Kelleher screamed. Finally, I just stopped going to the meetings.

Usually, contacting someone in tennis was only half the battle, even if it did take you weeks. Tennis people are not like those in any other business activity. Give me a normal business adversary over a tennis ally anytime. Tennis people never seem to have anywhere to go or anything to do. There were many times when I had an urgent situation staring me in the face, but nobody would see me. People only wanted to meet me in Monte Carlo, San Juan, Rome, Paris—months from now. I often wondered whether

continued

they made the same suggestion to the guy from the bank who called up about a late mortgage payment.

It did not take me long to find out the reason for this behavior. Tennis officials are not trying to avoid you. On the contrary, all they want to do is to meet with you and play tennis. Believe me, if war is too important to be left to the generals, tennis is too important to be left to the players. All that the tennis people I was supposed to be talking business with ever wanted to know was where my racket was. You'd sit down for a vital meeting, with the whole sport hanging in the balance, and someone would inevitably say, "Hey, Bob, where's your gear?" MacCall and Kelleher would always get a game in after they finished screaming at each other.

Dealing with the USLTA was an exasperating experience. The contact man was usually Malaga. Everybody ought to have a Malaga in their organization, because he only tells people what they want to hear. Of course, in many ways I don't blame Bob for playing Dr. Feel Good, because he is in the middle of an unmanageable situation that is beyond the reach of reality. Under these circumstances, there really is no reason ever to introduce bad news, since it isn't going to make any difference one way or the other.

Ed Turville, a former president of the USLTA, told me once that the organization requires something in the neighborhood of 89% of its revenues just to keep operating. I respect Turville, and I also have great admiration for last year's USLTA president, Alastair Martin. The USLTA could not find two men better than these, and if they were unable to put the house in any reasonable sort of administrative and fiscal order, then surely it is a terminal case. There is no respect for the USLTA outside of New York City, anyway. Some of its district officers have told me that they have nearly reached the point of secession.

Let me give the best—and, I am afraid, the saddest—example. When I first became involved in negotiations with amateur officials, I was repeatedly pulled up short by their impassioned, constant references to junior development. Unfortunately, at last I found out what junior development is in the USLTA. It is something akin to those huge storage tanks in New Jersey upon which a financial empire turned, because the tanks were brimming with soybean oil. Only, of course, there really was no soybean oil in those tanks. Hermann Goering once said, "When I hear anyone talk of culture, I reach for my revolver." I know how he felt, for I soon had the same sensation whenever anyone in the USLTA mentioned junior development—particularly if he also worked in a reference about "the good of the game."

In January of 1969 I attended a USLTA meeting in Clearwater, Fla., which no doubt had been selected as the site of the convention because the hotel had an ample supply of tennis courts. I decided for the good of the game to sit in on the crucial junior development meeting, and finally I located the conference, which had been shifted outside, close by the courts. There were perhaps six or eight delegates in attendance, lounging heavily on the grass. No one appeared to have any notes, proposals, records, budgets, anything of substance. After a few minutes the man who was running things, sort of, inquired if there were any questions, and since nobody had any he then called the meeting and suggested that everyone get in a game, for the sake of good old senior development. After that I never had any real respect for the USLTA, which I regret, because there are many fine members who belong to it out there in the grass roots who care as much about helping tennis as they do playing it.

Originally, when Dixon first outlined our scheme, we had no intention of getting involved with amateur tennis. Our original plan was merely to sign up the existing pros and then run a modern tour in the many spanking-new arenas across the land. Laver and Ken Rosewall were the ranking professionals then, with Pancho Gonzales the best drawing card and Dennis Ralston the brightest young attraction.

Shortly after Binghamton, Dixon took off for a tournament in London to sign up our men. The pros were more or less managing themselves in those days. Jack Kramer had pulled out, and the pros were ripe for take-over, which was our luck. The fact was so obvious, however, that someone else had determined to sign them up, too. That was MacCall, and he beat Dave to the punch on all but one of the big names.

Denny Ralston, as almost everyone in the sport knows, is the most consistently homesick player. If they held Wimbledon in Bakersfield, Calif. every year Denny would never lose a set. Before George MacCall had a chance to sign him, Denny had lost in the tournament and, naturally, had taken the next plane back to California. He was still free. Dave suddenly decided that if he could get Ralston and add a couple of second-line pros whom MacCall had not wanted, he could round out a tour with the best amateurs. A great many changes came to tennis simply because Denny Ralston got homesick.

Just about everything in tennis is upside down. We had presumed that our most difficult task would be in convincing the best amateurs to turn pro. Dave and I took a hotel suite in New York during Forest Hills '67, extended an invitation to some players and waited for them to arrive. We were stunned: it was ducks in a barrel. Most of them, from John Newcombe, who was the current Wimbledon champ, on down were so angry at amateur authorities they gave us their word on the spot. We had to do something in return, so Dave opened up an account at Abercrombie & Fitch and sent the players over there for some sports clothes, as a bonus.

Signing them up was only a formality. We wondered whether Nikki Pilic from Communist Yugoslavia would sign. We finally decided he would not but approached him anyway. He reached for the pen faster than Rick Barry. That gave us eight players, whom Dave, envisioning a larger distaff appeal, promptly christened The Handsome Eight or The Handsome Seven and Tony Roche, as some of the players began calling it. Dave himself went out and purchased a toupee.

None of the players were guaranteed big money—by the standards of just three years later. Ralston signed for $50,000. Newcombe for $45,000, Roche for $40,000 and the rest down to $25,000. Remember, too, these were not salaries—these were only guarantees. As disastrous as our first year of operation was—I consider a $300,000 loss disastrous—only $15,000 of that went to the players who fell short in their guarantees. Dave's instinct was dead right. Had we not been so ambitious in establishing an operation, we really could have taken over tennis for a song.

We failed, basically, because we were too clever for our own good and were crushed under too heavy an apparatus.

continued

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That's luxury. That's choice. And it's all ready to fly, now, at your Ford Dealer's.



Dave's concept was that you could promote pro tennis just as you did pro football. If you spent a lot of money on slick TV commercials, promoted the events and staged them attractively in modern arenas with some of the world's best players, it would be impossible not to draw at least 2,000 paying customers to every session. Since we intended to play five sessions in every town and hit two towns a week, this totaled up to a minimum of 20,000 spectators a week, which meant, as you know, $17,000 profit a week for a starter.

Unfortunately, as we rapidly discovered, you cannot successfully promote tennis—or anything else, I suppose—as you do pro football. Our commercials only teased the viewers. They did not build identity. You need to blitz a new idea on a town, and we didn't even have an advance man. Our hoopla and modern stunts did not succeed in attracting enough curious newcomers, but they did manage to alienate the old-line tennis diehards. I'll say one thing about tennis people. They know a great deal more about the sport of tennis than we thought they did.

Dave tinkered with the rules. He eliminated the let serve. He dressed the players up in bright colors and encouraged fans to cheer and boo, even when the ball was in play. He also adopted VASSS, Jimmy Van Alen's 31-point system. Dave was ahead of his time here, since a modified form of VASSS is almost universally accepted today as a tie-breaker. In getting VASSS, though, you also get, among other things, Jimmy Van Alen in a package deal. This meant that he would call me regularly at 7:30 Sunday mornings.

Later in our first year we were scheduled to play a VASSS tournament at the Newport Casino, which Jimmy runs. He called me up one Sunday at dawn and asked if it would be all right if he hosted a press luncheon in New York at the River Club to help promote the tournament. Of course, I was delighted. I never heard another word about it until the bill for $1,200 arrived somewhat later. What was worse, I checked around with some newspapermen and discovered that the whole luncheon was devoted to boosting VASSS, with hardly a word about our tournament. I can understand why Jimmy is still a millionaire. He was always asking me to put the bite on Lamar Hunt to help spruce up the Tennis Hall of Fame in Rhode Island.

Anyway, we came into Newport for the tournament, and it was set up as a two-tiered affair. First, there was a round robin, with the four players who made the most VASSS points moving on into a final round. Cliff Drysdale was one of the smarter birds that we had in WCT, and he figured out—don't ask me how this worked, but it did, believe me—that if he *lost* one particular set to Butch Buchholz he would get into the finals, but if he won it there was a good chance that he would be eliminated. Having been clever enough to have doped this out, you would have thought that Cliff would have thrown the set tactfully, the way you're supposed to fix things. Not Cliff. He started serving balls into the stands and blooping forehands into the general direction of the America's Cup. Buchholz didn't have a clue as to what was happening, and neither did anyone else in the crowd until Van Alen caught on and commandeered the microphone, which he was never far from, and started screaming at me and Drysdale and WCT in general, saying that the whole thing was our fault.

The single greatest mistake made with our game involved the playing surface. Artificial turf was coming into fashion then, and Dixon decided that it was just the stylish sort of thing to help bring tennis up to date. He worked a deal with Monsanto to make us a court, and Dave and I went down to Miami to inspect it. Now, neither one of us could play very well, but on this occasion he tapped a little serve toward me and the ball hit the turf and skidded past like a meteor. Monsanto had invented a rally-free tennis court.

Although Dave came to admit that the surface might be a trifle slick, he would not abandon it; he had decided that a certain number of people would pay, in every town, just to come out and see the artificial turf and walk on it after the matches. We even made one commercial that celebrated, for a whole minute, nothing but the court. Dave always figured its attraction in our equations. He would say, for instance, "Well, we will draw about 1,000 or so old tennis fans this night, 1,500 new ones and a couple hundred more who want to see the court." Always we figured a couple hundred more paying to see the court. It became a verity, like one for the pot.

Certainly I never seriously questioned the proposition. Indeed, there were very few people who did not believe that the whole scheme would go big (including Frank Deford—F.D.). The players never once suggested that it would be too grueling for them to compete in two tournaments a week until we made our first trip, going all the way from Kansas City to St. Louis.

Monsanto threw in with us, and so did Sears, which agreed to work a national tie-in, providing ticket outlets, promotion and tennis balls wherever we played. The man who had previously run the company's chain-saw program was put in charge. He commissioned two songs, classics that I'm sure you will recall, entitled *Doing the Serve* and *Serving You, My Love*. Sears also agreed to outfit the players, dressing each in a uniform that was supposed to be color-coordinated to match his style, psychology, temperament, game, eye and skin color and anything else that occurred to Dave whenever he was discussing the outfits. He was down in Australia shortly before our U.S. tour opened, embellishing the clothes angle at each stop. One time he added yet another ingredient, informing the press that the outfits had been created by one of the most famous designers in America. One of the reporters had the temerity to inquire just who this American Cardin might be. Without blinking an eye, Dave said his name was Antonio Conigliaro and kept on talking. Dave always could think fast.

Unfortunately, there were times when his thinking could get stuck in a groove. Shortly after our initial planning had begun, Dave convinced Lamar Hunt to invest in WCT. In deference to Lamar, Dave was determined to start the tour off in February of 1968 in Kansas City, where Lamar's football team, the Chiefs, played. Now the absolute key to the whole concept of the WCT operation was that we would lift pro tennis out of rinky-dink gymnasiums and backwater small-town courts and display it in the country's plush new coliseums. When we could not get dates at the Municipal Auditorium in Kansas City, Dave refused to start off in another city. So we opened in a decrepit livestock ghetto called the American Royal Arena. The place smelled like a barn, and spectator accommodations, in keeping with this atmosphere, were on the order of stalls. These facts were well known to local res-

continued

idents who took the precaution of locking the doors of their homes and refusing to talk to strangers on the chance that they might be shanghaied into coming to the matches.

St. Louis was the next stop, where the players were to compete for something called the World Cup, to be donated by a public-spirited automobile dealer. The World Cup never made an appearance, nor, for that matter, did many fans. We would have taken a bath under any circumstances, but our plight was not enhanced by the fact that the ticket sellers' union was having a dispute with Sears and the members stopped selling tickets. So we had an 18,000-seat building rented and nobody selling tickets. And tickets we had. There was a company in Fort Smith, Ark. that was turning out more WCT tickets than Heinz has cans—innt varieties, cans. We had tickets on order for nearly every conceivable seat in America. We had different tickets for the early-week tournaments and the weekend tournaments. We had different tickets for college campus arenas. We had different tickets if you came with a child and different tickets if you were a child. We had general-admission tickets, reserved-seat tickets and something called "gold row" tickets.

In the midst of everything in St. Louis, our friend Jimmy Van Alen showed up, since he was scheduled to present the nonexistent World Cup. He looked up at the scoreboard, which read ST. LOUIS BLUES and VISITORS. Since the players were all dressed in their color-coordinated outfits, Jimmy thought it would be a capital idea to also get scoreboard signs saying REDS, WHITES, GREENS and so on. He asked Dixon if he could. Dave had a hundred other things on his mind, most of them costing money, but Jimmy persisted until, absentmindedly, Dave made the mistake of saying that it sounded all right to him. Jimmy went out and ordered the signs, which arrived right at the end of the tournament. We got the bill a bit later. We lost $30,000 in three days in St. Louis, playing in an excellent arena in a town that we had saturated with TV commercials. It just wasn't working like pro football.

Luckily, we made money at the next stop, Shreveport. In fact, it was the only place we made money. The reason we did was because we couldn't play in Shreveport; the truck got lost with the Monsanto rally-free court, and the company had to forfeit a bond for this error. Everything was going fine, but, unfortunately, the truck found the next stop, Orlando. One session there we drew 87 people.

Then on to Miami. The players were very nearly in revolt, so Dave agreed to call in as a consultant Mike Davies, who had been a peripheral player but a wise head on the old tour. By now we were running out of time. I was working as an advance man, although most of the time I was a retreat man or a double-back man. In many towns the directive from Sears head office had not even arrived when the tour did, and the local manager would have literally no idea who we were or what we wanted when we showed up. I think some of them suspected that we were out to rob them.

I was in Des Moines when I received word that we were going to meet in Dallas to assess the situation. Dixon asked me if we should play Des Moines and then quit or quit before Des Moines. It was not a hard choice. My considered opinion was that we should only play Des Moines in the event that the truck could not find Des Moines, and thus we could get paid for not playing. I was numb by now. It was about this time that we received word that 10,000 rackets we had ordered for Racket Nights had arrived from Pakistan.

The Dallas meetings ended the tour as it had been planned. Poor Dave, who had lost a great deal of money, dropped out and Lamar took over. Dave was in tennis less than six months and left, statistically, a failure. Let the record show, instead, that he changed the game more than any other man. Long before our tour had even begun, tennis had turned open with Wimbledon. Dave's signing of The Handsome Eight was a significant factor in tilting the balance in favor of the open hawks in the amateur councils. The game was changed by Dave Dixon, and that is his legacy.

Amazingly, once Lamar made up his mind to go ahead with WCT, we turned the whole operation around in very short order. I was now in charge, but it was Mike Davies—whom I brought in as my full-time associate—who provided us with the necessary elementary logic. Earlier, when Mike had been summoned as a consultant to forestall the Miami mutiny, he had asked Dave how the whole setup worked. Dave said: "It's easy, Mike. We run the whole show. We rent the arena, put up the prize money, promote the tournament, advertise it, pay for the officials and the players, transportation, and we—"

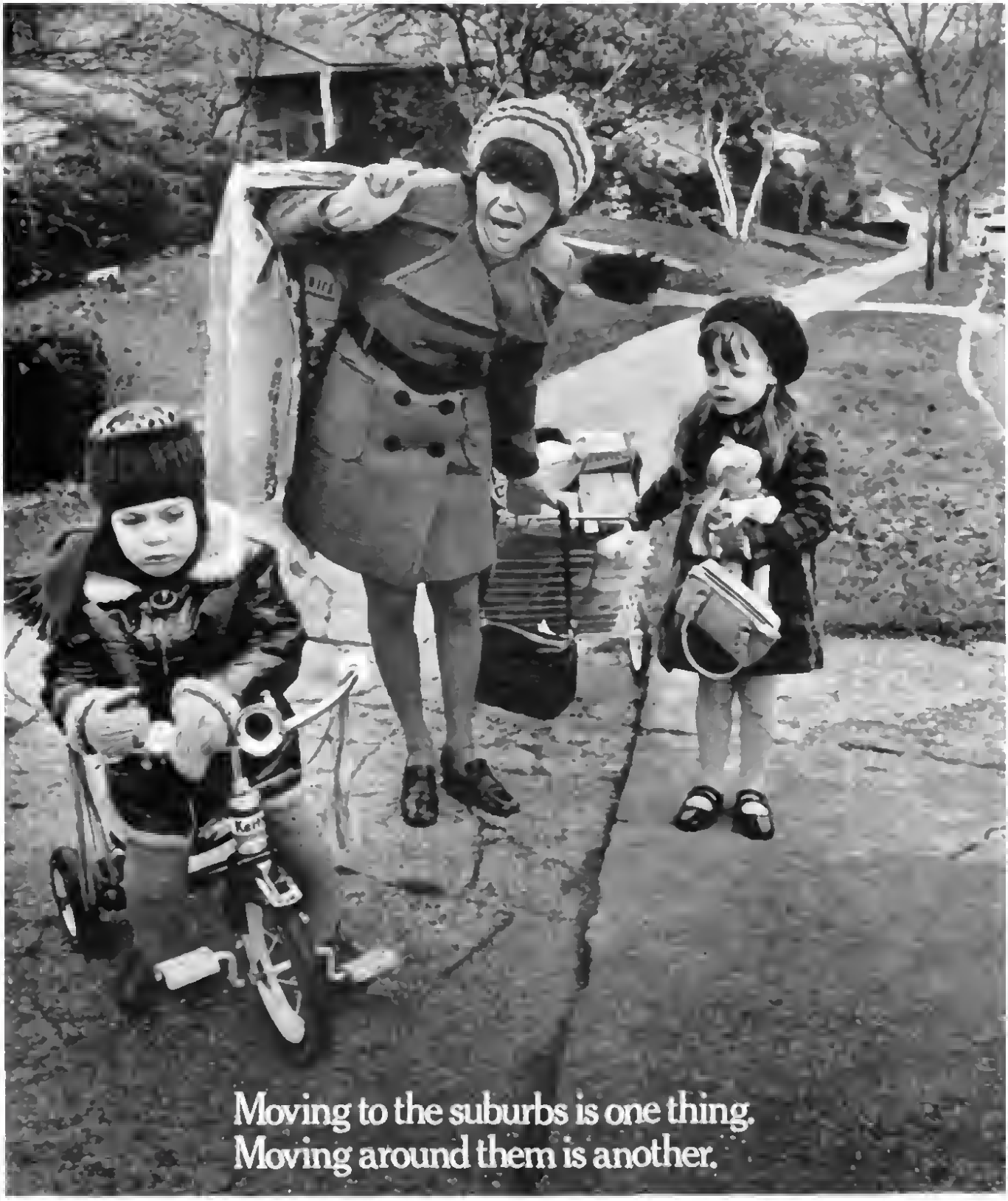
"I see your whole problem, Dave," Mike interrupted. "You pay *them*. Before, they always paid *us*." Operating from that simple premise, we never again lost on a tournament. Of course, that is not to say we made a great deal, either, right away.

There were several occasions when we made up to five or six different "final offers" to promoters. Mike and I would take turns playing the heavy. One of us would demand a high price. If we got the deal, fine. If not, the other one of us would call back, apologize for his rude, uninformed associate and start off at a lower price.

It was not always an easy sell, and getting action for our lesser players was always tough. We were going into Toronto one time, and Mike figured he could spot Pierre Barthes there. Pierre was not a hot market item, Dave had included him in The Handsome Eight mostly, I think, because he was unquestionably handsome and also had an even more handsome wife. She was an international model from Toronto and the granddaughter of Leslie Howard, the late British actor. Pierre was also adept at many parlor tricks. He could, for example, flip a coin high in the air and then kick it with his heel before it hit the ground, knocking it right into his coat pocket. Unfortunately, we were

continued





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Tests by doctors on patients showed while it gently relieved such pain, it also helped reduce swelling of these tissues.

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pushing tennis players — although if anyone had been looking for a tennis player with an educated heel, we would have been sitting pretty. Anyway, this particular time Mike was selling some of our guys to the Toronto promoter, and he remembered that Mrs. Barthes came from there. Suddenly Mike screamed into the phone: "And you've got to take Barthes, because he's married to a girl from Toronto who is Leslie Howard's grandfather."

The guy on the phone yelled back: "I'll take him! I've got to see the guy play tennis who's married to Leslie Howard's grandfather."

By the summer of 1968 we were prepared to go on the attack again. We signed Marty Riessen as our ninth pro and followed up by adding Ray Moore and Tom Okker. I think this signaled to the tennis world that we were in business to stay, although it was not until 1969 that the tour began to take some real direction. It was only then we realized that owning players was not enough, it was necessary to own some prestige events as well. The 1971 WCT tour, featuring 32 top professionals on a weekly tournament circuit, is the implementation of that plan.

Ironically, our original idea for WCT tournaments involved a deal with the USLTA that would have bought peace in tennis for at least two years and perhaps even established a foundation of lasting coexistence. The USLTA joined with us in ironing out the arrangement, but then, typically, it put us off for months, stalled, double-talked and finally exhibited straight-out rudeness toward Mike Davies, who had succeeded me as head of WCT. It was after this happened that Lamar, in effect, said: "O.K., let's see who'll sign the last check."

I would hope that, finally, amateur officials understand Lamar. There are two things they should be clear about. First, however privately philanthropic Lamar Hunt may be, tennis is a business to him. Second, he cannot be twisted into contravening the decisions of the men who work for him. Lamar is the best boss a man could ever work for, and he delegates real authority to those he hires. If the amateurs want to work with World Championship Tennis in order to bring order to the sport and advance the whole game, they only have to begin talking a good game instead of always looking for one. END

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True Regular 12 mgs "tar" 0.7 mgs nicotine, True Menthol 13 mgs. "tar", 0.7 mgs nicotine, avg. per cigarette, FTC Report, Nov '70

Now for the news from Credibility Gap, Colorado—

Here is **Bill Ringsby**, the trucking tycoon and owner of Denver's ABA Rockets, responding to rumors that he is about to hire NBA Coach **Alex Hannum**. "He wanted to hire out as our coach and general manager. I wouldn't hire him because I frankly believe I can get a better man. Any man who can't make the playoffs with a superplayer like **Elvin Hayes** isn't much of a coach in my book."

And here is Ringsby, next day, after hiring Hannum as club president, general manager and coach. "We've courted Hannum for two years and we finally landed him . . . we want to win a championship and, given a reasonable length of time, he'll do it. He's a champion."

Well, it is always nice to know where one stands. Lots of luck out there, Coach Alex. If that was Ringsby's idea of a two-year courtship it ought to be one heck of a marriage.

● *Question:* Who is this creature?
Answer: This is Bruin Goalie **Gerry Cheevers.**
Question: Wha. . .
Answer: Perfectly simple, really. Gerry has been painting those stitches on his mask to represent all the actual sewing-up he would have needed if he had not been wearing it every time he was whapped in the head by an incoming shot.
Question: Boy, he's smart, huh?
Answer: Sure he's smart. You thought he was just another pretty face?

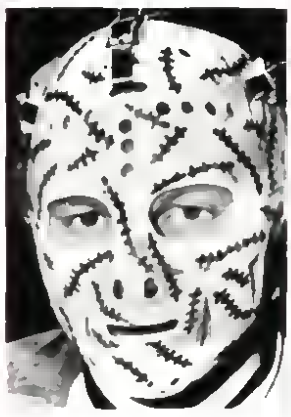
And in the Sporting Arts Department we have:

Mike Reid, the Bengal tackle, who finally got to perform as solo pianist with the Cincinnati Orchestra. Back in Chapter One (SI, Sept. 21, 1970) you will recall that Reid was having trouble practicing for his guest appearance because he dislocated an index finger in an exhibition game. So now the big day arrives, Reid plays Liszt's *Funérailles*, an untitled work of his own and a few pop numbers, and the critic for the *Cincinnati Enquirer* writes: "I think he made a wise decision in choosing sports as a career."

Plus **Greg Cook**, Bengal quarterback, a serious painter in his spare time. Cook is currently learning to paint with his left hand while he waits for his right shoulder to heal following a little surgery.

And how about **Herbert von Karajan**, the great Austrian conductor and equally great sports nut? Seven hours before the première of the *Fidelio* he was producing and directing himself at the Salzburg Easter festival, von Karajan took his $25,000 Ford fastback 500 hp GT 40 coupe for a relaxing little spin. Zipping around a curve, von Karajan met a heavy diesel truck coming at him on the wrong side of the twisting mountain road, managed to avoid it but skidded, rolled the car a couple of times and landed in a ditch. Saved by his seat belt, the conductor clambered out of the wreckage, called his chauffeur from a nearby farmhouse, told him to bring the Rolls-Royce and made it back to Salzburg in plenty of time to conduct his *Fidelio* on schedule. After which he cabled his dealer and ordered a new $25,000 Ford fastback 500 hp GT 40 coupe.

●



Three Sporting Notes from Across the Sea:

I: Over in England we have **Mrs. Diane Cotterell,** owner of a wholesale bacon firm, who runs a tight ship. "I am loyal to my employees and I expect them to be loyal to me," she says briskly. "I will not have people playing about when they are supposed to be working." And that's why she fired her husband, **John**. According to the London *Daily Express*, Mrs. Cotterell began to notice John's "marked reluctance to get out of bed at 5 a.m.," and when he took to playing golf on company time, that was it. She has said she'll give him a second chance, however, if he starts getting out of bed early and confining his golf to weekends, terms which sound O.K. to John. He says, "I was a lousy golfer anyway."

Oh, yes. Mrs. Cotterell added, as she prepared John's lunch, "I love my work, but don't get the wrong idea. In this house my husband wears the trousers, and even when I sacked him he still paid me my housekeeping money and the household bills, even though I knew it came out of the firm. I don't want equality for women," she said. "I just don't believe in that sort of nonsense."

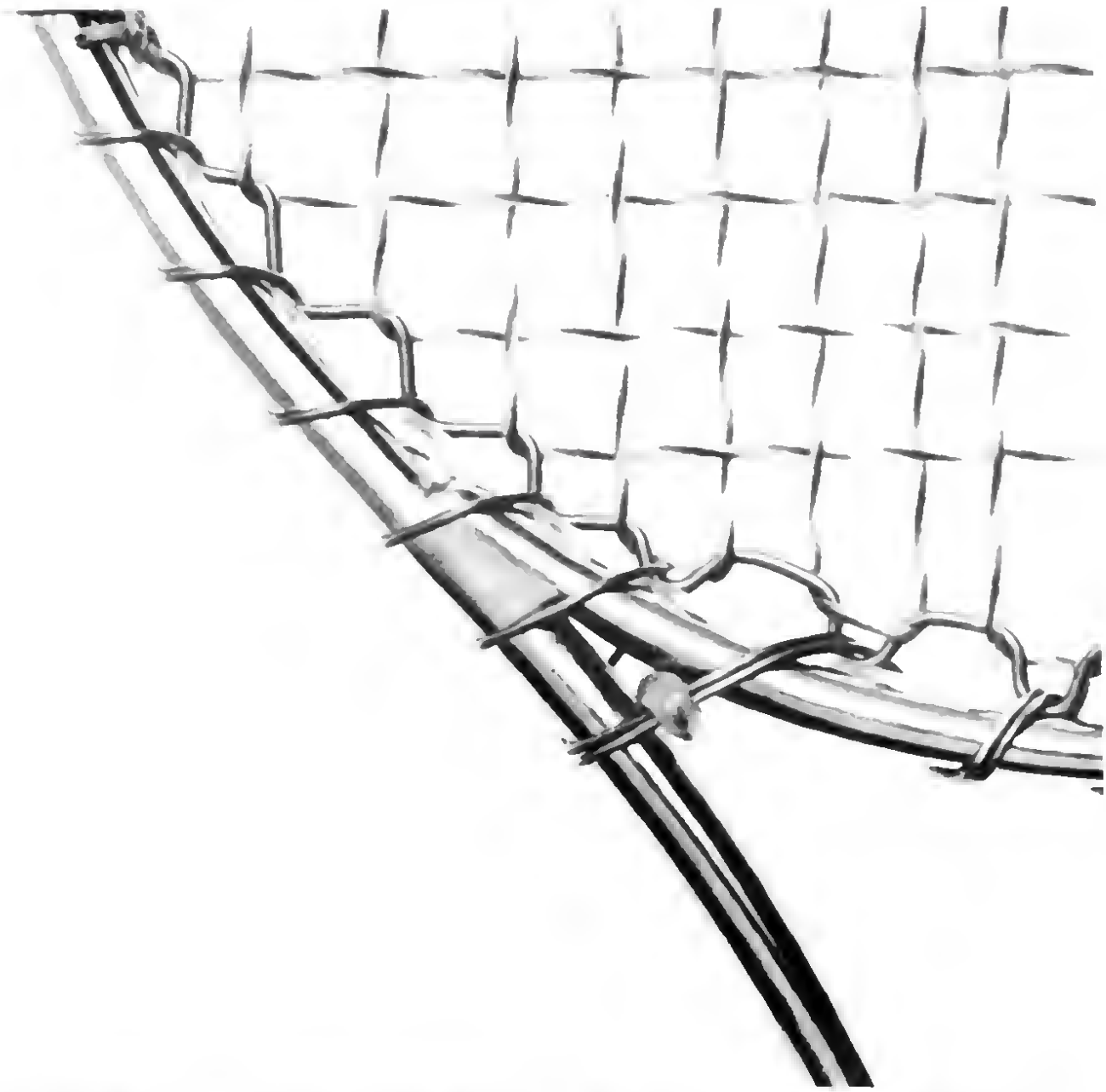
II: **Mrs. Joan Wilkes,** for all we know, doesn't believe in all that equality nonsense either. Mrs. Wilkes is the English lady who won $801,446 on the soccer pools and rushed right out to buy a new bulldozer. *Her* line of work is running a six-man demolition team, which explains why, upon hearing that she'd won, she bubbled prettily, "I'll get more thrill from buying a bulldozer than splashing out on new clothes or a holiday."



◆

III: Actor **Robert Morley** has declined an invitation to become vice-president of the Reading press football team. "No," Mr. Morley said. "I am afraid I absolutely hate football and everything to do with it." And then, just in case somebody somewhere might have missed the point, he added later, "I'm sorry, but I think it's degrading to the human spirit to kick a ball. In fact, I think it's degrading to the human spirit to kick anything."

◆ Which brings us to this picture of that well-known human spirit, **Raquel Welch,** kicking a ball. Now really, Morley, what is so degrading about that? In fact, Morley, one might even say it is uplifting.



Wilson T2000. The little wires

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Taut strings on tight wires...like live nerves. The racket is hypersensitive. Ordinary rackets, frame-strung, can't give you the "feel" you need, for example, to finesse a neat drop shot.

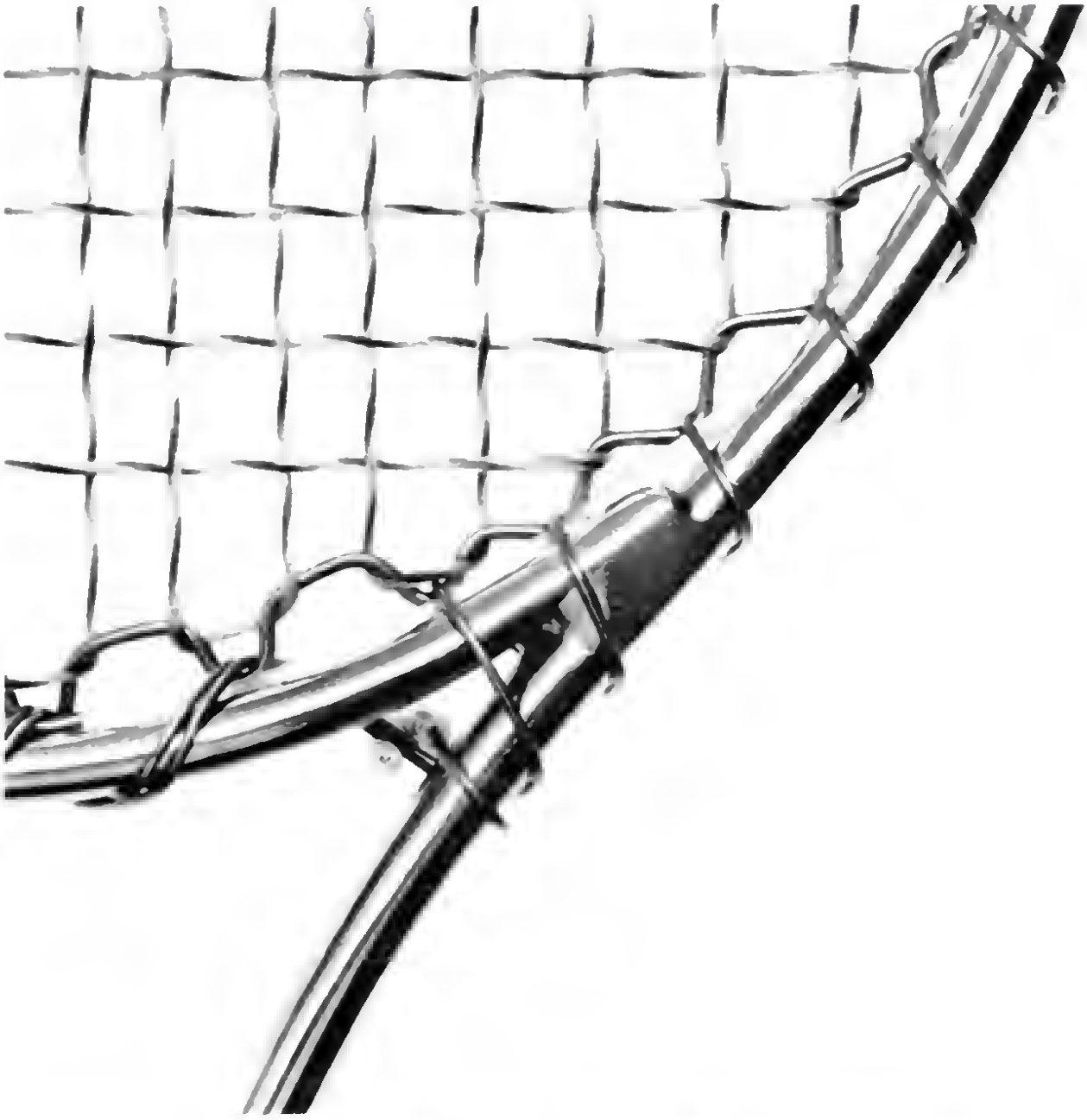
Cutting loose on a smash or a cannonball serve, the whole head of the racket acts like a small trampoline, powering the ball back at many times your own strength. Man, it satisfies!



But, let's be realistic: nobody hits them all dead-center. How about all those times you settle for getting just a piece of the racket on the ball?

The crown allows some "give" around the edges of the frame, which wouldn't happen if the strings went into the frame. So the T2000 can respond to those off-target hits with all the authority that most rackets save for bulls-eyes.

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Wilson, anyone?

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Small cruising sailboats that can be trailed to beckoning water all over the country are a fascinating new lure for the landlocked sailor

Drop the keel, pop the top

Elephant Butte, N. Mex., is not the kind of place one associates with cruising sailboats. There is something miragelike about it, parching desert winds, sentinel cacti—and sails shimmering in the sun. Yet just as at many other unlikely ports far from the sea, at Elephant Butte fleets of tiny cruising boats are winging over the available water like gulls blown far inland by a gale.

Towing a house trailer across Death Valley or up into the Rockies may be enthralling, but to sail your own home on a lake rimmed by mountain spires, to thread through desert arroyos or up a meandering river under sail, to be driven by nothing noisier than williwaws: these are experiences at once slightly incredible and truly satisfying.

Because conventional sailboats are not specifically designed for this kind of sailing, it has taken a special type of boat to open up the new frontier. Boats with deep keels draw too much water, and they are awkward to tow on high-speed turnpikes. Additionally, launching and retrieval require special lifts or marine railways that cost anywhere from $10 to $35 a clip. There is another, less obvious, disadvantage to deep-keel boats. With his boat tied up at a marina or stored in a boatyard, an owner finds it difficult to work on the vessel; it is far easier for him to pick up a telephone and order the job done. Since a yard may charge $11 an hour for labor alone, this common malaise frequently puts upkeep costs into orbit.

Some sailors believe the answer to the deep-keel, small-boat dilemma is a combination ballast keel and centerboard. This, they argue, permits trailing and shallow-water sailing with good performance. But centerboard boats, no matter how stable initially, have never quite managed to erase the feeling that centerboard is synonymous with capsize. And the gusts that come down mountain passes and sweep across deserts and plains are certain to put to the test, with shocking suddenness, a manufacturer's claim that his boat is self-righting. Finally, small cruising boats (of less than 30 feet, say) are uniformly short of headroom for anyone who is more than 4 feet tall.

So, for the self-sufficient sailor-camper who is attracted to inland sailing, who is willing to moor his boat in his garage and launch and rig his boat himself but wants to live aboard in reasonable comfort and sail virtually without fear of capsizing, what's the solution? Maybe a cruiser with a top that pops and a keel that drops.

Pop-top drop-keelers range from a tiny fiber-glass 17-footer called the Venture 17, through the swift Cal-21 and husky Santana 21, to bigger boats like the 24-foot Seafarer Sail 'n Trail. Some boats have pop tops, while others, such as the Santana 21, do not. All, however, are identified by a distinctive footprint: some form of drop keel.

As the name suggests, this is a keel that may be lowered and retracted. It slides up and down like a centerboard, but there the resemblance ends. Where the centerboard is basically a pivoted, weightless foil designed more to help a boat beat against the wind than to prevent capsizing, the drop keel performs both functions. Put another way, when down and locked in position the weighted drop keel holds a boat on her feet, thereby freeing her crew from the fear of being precipitously tipped over. When winched up inside the boat, a drop keel allows her to skim through water only inches deep or to be hauled smoothly up on a trailer at any one of thousands

continued

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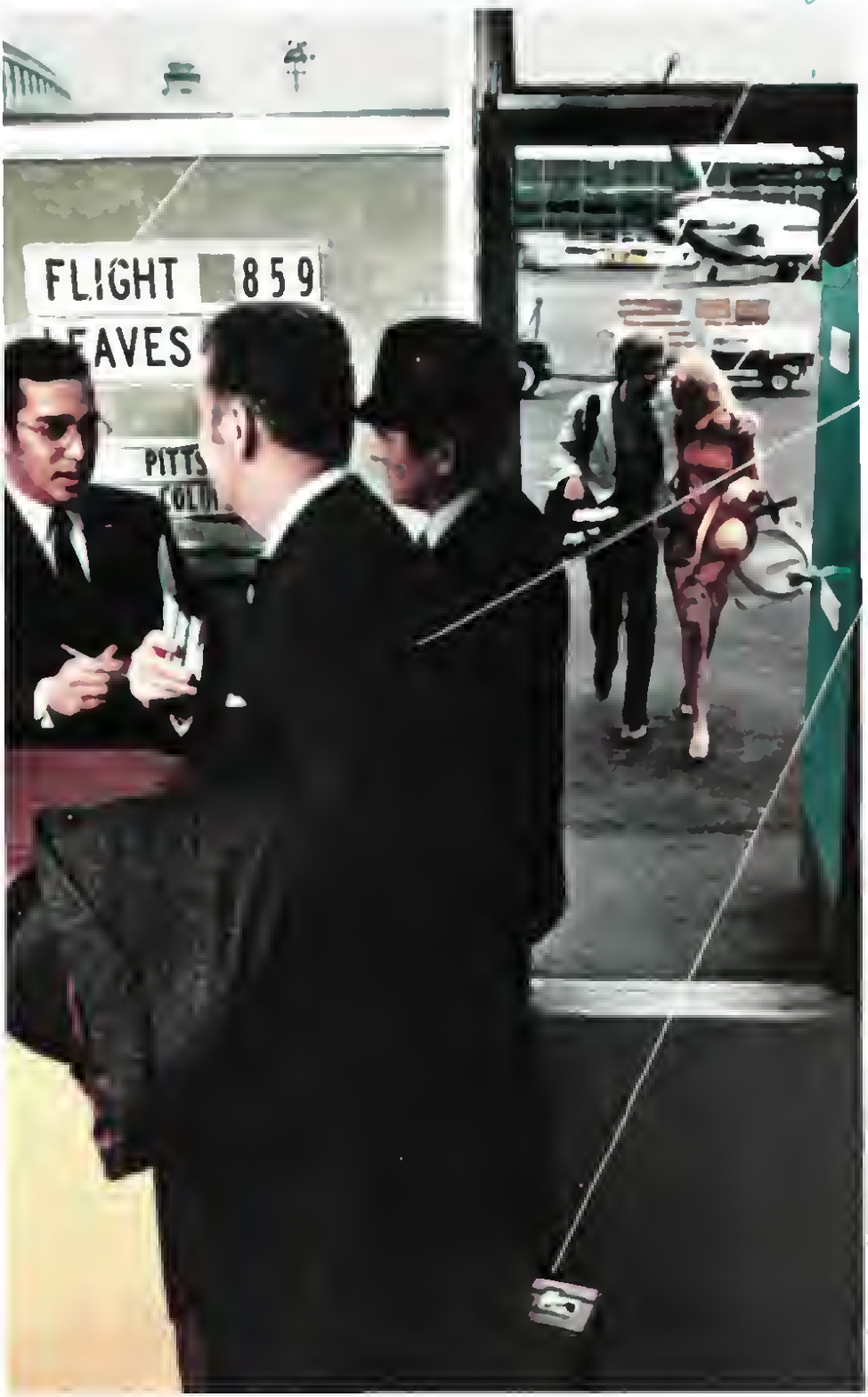
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sails and bunk cushions as "optional extras," has enabled MacGregor to list his Ventures at lovely low prices. The bare Venture 17 has a tab of $1,595; the 21, $1,995; the 22, $2,295; the 222 (a pop-top) $2,495; and the 24, Venture's biggest model, $2,995. By comparison, the Rolls-Royce of the class, the Seafarer 24, costs $4,750, and that is minus extras that can hike the price to $8,000.

"People simply won't believe a boat can sell for such low prices," says MacGregor, "and I find myself in the position of having to justify them. The trouble with my colleagues is that they have five men doing 10 jobs, where I teach my people only one job and let them do nothing else. It is not so difficult to build a boat. A motorcycle is built with far more precision and a lot more parts, yet you can get one for $600. A motorcycle is 50 times the bargain."

MacGregor believes his rivals err by picturing sailing as difficult and dangerous. "Our booth at one boat show was set up next to an exhibitor who had a demonstrator hiking out on a trapeze. It looked exciting and thrilling, O.K., but you should have seen the women coming down the aisle with their husbands. They'd take one look at that girl flying way out there on that wire and do a 90-degree turn." Advertisements depicting driving spray and heeling boats just aren't conducive to good selling, he contends. It makes sailing look too tricky, frightening neophytes away.

Drop-keelers of many brands, shapes and sizes have infiltrated the U.S. from coast to coast and border to border. They are not exclusive to inland waters; many ply the Atlantic and Pacific as well as the Gulf of Mexico and Great Lakes. One of the biggest fleets anywhere, however, graces Albuquerque. Engineer John Culp, who moonlights as a MacGregor dealer, is one who sails a Venture out of that arid port. When he isn't cruising Elephant Butte Reservoir, Culp tows his boat to other lakes and rivers, annually covering more than 10,000 miles by road on vacations and weekend jaunts. A far piece to Easterners may be only a putt down the pike to Westerners like Culp. Recently he rolled to Marina del Rey near Los Angeles for a taste of saltwater cruising. On the way he and his family, like many drop-keel sailors, saved on motel bills by living aboard ship at roadside.

When Culp reaches the launching ramp at Elephant Butte, he and his wife swing into a smooth routine. First they back boat and trailer to the water's edge. Next they shove the boat free and scramble aboard to step her mast, set up the shrouds and rig her boom. Finally they bend on her sails. Twenty minutes later the Culps set sail for a deserted cove where, later, they crank up the keel and anchor to a scrub tree before spitting hot dogs over a smoky campfire. When night falls they climb back aboard to fall asleep to the sigh of a dark desert wind and the howl of a coyote ". . . over the sealike, pathless, limitless waste of the desert." **END**



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Building a winner with well-chosen words

The New York Mets found that many of their two dozen Latin minor-leaguers spoke so little English they could hardly order a meal. Now Berlitz is teaching the players a quick bread-and-butter vocabulary

When Ron Swoboda checked into Montreal two weeks ago, there was talk that he would sign up for French lessons at Berlitz. Actually, he might learn the language more quickly in the city's bistros. French, approached that way, isn't really so difficult—un whiskey, un Schlitz. . . .

But Berlitz has its place in baseball—or so one team, the New York Mets, feels. Recently it began stocking its minor-league teams with Latins, almost none of whom speaks more than a few words of English. To their consternation, the Mets found they were importing ballplayers from the Caribbean who could not even order meals in restaurants and instead went days without eating. One player was discovered scrounging fruit in an orange grove.

So last month the Mets hired an English teacher, Albert Miner, at the Berlitz school in New York and sent him to St. Petersburg. For six hours a day Miner has been drilling a dozen Latins in the language. His aim is for each man, when he breaks training camp this week and leaves for his farm club in Memphis or Norfolk or Lewiston, Idaho, to know 750 English words. Some of the ballplayers, Miner believes, will know a good many more.

Because they are inarticulate—as the Minnesota Twins' Cesar Tovar put it last summer, "I could not defend myself in English"—Latin ballplayers frequently encounter discrimination. The rookies in Miner's class are no different. One evening a fortnight ago they were turned away from an open dance in St. Petersburg. No one protested—in English. In various dialects of Caribbean Spanish, however, the word spread quickly.

"So that's what it was," said Miner upon learning of the incident. "Last night there was something strange about them. I couldn't put my finger on it. It must have happened just before class. They were quiet, pensive, sullen." The 12 Puerto Ricans and Dominicans did

continued



BATTING PRACTICE OVER, ENGLISH TEACHER ALBERT MINER ASSEMBLES HIS YOUNG MET STUDENTS FOR THEIR NIGHTLY DRILL

not report the snub, either to the club or city officials, apparently accepting it, like Miner's English lessons, as part of their orientation toward the United States. Nothing was said last year, either, when Dominican Teddy Martinez, 23, was chased out of a segregated barbershop in St. Petersburg, or earlier, when Puerto Rican Chico Diaz couldn't get a beer in Sarasota.

Experiences of this nature are neither unusual nor outrageous to these Latin Americans, who claim they would rather be better ballplayers than equal citizens in the United States. "I ignore the racism," remarked Angel Luis Contres, a 6' 3" 17-year-old from Toa Baja, Puerto Rico who the Mets think has considerable potential. "Things like that help to prepare me for life because that's the way life is."

What indeed seems extraordinary is the Mets' sudden concern about Latin America. Joe McDonald, director of the team's farm system, toured Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic just after last November's free-agent draft. He signed three players and gave Saturnino Escalera, the team's full-time Latin American scout, the signal to look for more talent. Escalera set up clinics in some heretofore unexploited parts of Central America and then in January invited more than 40 Dominicans to a Mets' tryout in Santo Domingo. Nelson Burbrink, head of the club's scouting staff, and Whitey Herzog, whose job is to develop the players, attended that tryout and signed four more prospects. Escalera made three more trips south in the weeks that followed and brought back another half dozen Latins, bringing the total to 13. "That's three times as many as we signed in a single season in the past," McDonald said. Now the Mets have 21 Latins under contract.

Why? "I don't know. I ask you: Why?" said Escalera, grinning like a man who had just bitten a $20 gold piece. "But something is happening, I tell you that." For one thing, the Mets did not sign their first, second or fifth selections in the 1970 free-agent draft. "Now with the draft you only get one pick out of every 24," Herzog said, "but the Latins are not subject to the draft and you can pick as many as you want." McDonald admitted, too, that it could be good business to have a Latin playing for the team in New York, where two million Latin Americans live. Another reason, McDonald said, is, "They've got to be hungrier ballplayers. I visited some of their homes last year and so many live in one small, crowded room. The stench was something else. One club was trying to sign a kid to play for $68 a month in Santo Domingo."

Herzog does not agree with McDonald on that point. He said, "I wouldn't classify them as hungry as much as moody and lazy." Herzog went on to say that perhaps these are symptoms of culture shock. When Herzog thinks of moody Latins he thinks specifically of Teddy Martinez, who looks like a cinch someday to bring out all those cheering Latins in New York. When the Mets sent Martinez to Winter Haven, Fla. four years ago, he was so embarrassed to order food with the little English he knew that for three days he ate only oranges from a grove next to the ball park. "So Teddy tells me he is homesick at Winter Haven and I send him to Marion in the Appalachian League," Herzog said. "In Marion he has other Latins for company but then he starts to get into fights with them. Last year at Tidewater, Martinez wanted to return to the Dominican Republic because he missed his wife. We let him go back and get her, and darned if he didn't have a tremendous year." Martinez batted .306 and was an All-Star infielder for Tidewater in the International League. He even ascended briefly to the major league club but returned and told *Virginian-Pilot* Sportswriter George McClelland: "Happy to be back . . . no one talk to me in New York . . . my friends here."

The current crop of new Latins share Martinez' symptoms—with some variations. "Tormented I feel," said Felix Minaya, a 6' 1" third baseman from Valverde, Dominican Republic. "It takes a letter 12 days to get from here to my home." Minaya and Franklin Colon, 16, who are from the same town, consumed a lot of chicken and cold milk in St. Pete this winter, in part because it was something they knew how to order but mainly because it is a meal they are accustomed to. "If you start feeding these kids steak and prime ribs," Herzog said, "they would just get sick. It's too rich for them."

Paquin Estrada, 23, sends half his salary home to Mexico where a family of nine depends on him. Estrada is older than the other rookies and takes a more mature approach. "I used to just play for fun," he said, "but now I have to support my parents and family. It's a lot of pressure. And, of course, not knowing English I never know where I stand here."

With all of the Latins, knowledge of English is the key. Colon said with an impish smile, "There are no Latinas here, so what can we do if we don't know English?" A waitress in a restaurant near the Mets' hotel raised her eyes ceilingward. "Oh, they know enough to get around," she said.

Because they can communicate with him, Berlitz teacher Miner has become a good friend of the players. Twice daily for 25 days he has held his classes in a player's hotel room or at Payson Field. One evening, his forehead furrowed, blue eyes distressed, Miner was forcing himself on the players, berating, scolding, affirming, repeating. "We start naming objects—this is a table." They repeated it. "This is a cup." They repeated it. "Now we progress—the cup is on the table." Miner's biggest contribution may be that he really has exerted himself for these youngsters: he has paid complete attention to them. "We can appreciate that," said Bernardino Rivas, 18, of Bella Vista, Dominican Republic.

The Latin veterans also were looking out for the newcomers, preparing them for the problems, such as racism. "We have a saying," said six-year man Chico Diaz. "The forewarned soldier does not die in war." Scout Escalera accompanied his prospects to spring training. He has gotten them up at dawn for breakfast and has kept the Mets constantly informed about the players' needs. "Sometimes these kids won't even tell the coach when they're hurt because they are embarrassed to speak English," Escalera said. "These are my sons, my brothers, my *paisanos* and sometimes I am hard with them. Baseball is a routine, a habit, and I teach them to behave. It's like the army and they learn to take orders." His secret, Escalera suggested to Miner at the beginning of the classes, was that "I am a Trujillo," referring, of course, to the former Dominican dictator.

Basically, though, each Latin rookie knows that he must take care of himself. "One has to sacrifice in life. One has to adjust," said 17-year-old Minaya. "I try to remember a saying I was taught growing up at home: In the waters, I am water. In the rivers, I am river. Among stones, I am stone." **END**



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Paddle is no longer piddling

Eastern suburbanites still rule the game, but now courts are springing up all over the country, and Western natives are growing restless

For a long time platform tennis has paddled along in relative obscurity, a little cousin to the big game of tennis. But in recent years thousands of new fanatics have joined the rolls of a sport whose popularity is suddenly forcing it to expand from the suburbs of New York where it has been chiefly confined for years. The game is growing so fast that it has outpaced its administrative association, and statistics are, therefore, somewhat hard to accumulate with accuracy. Reasonable estimates, however, show that there are 1,500 to 2,000 platform tennis courts in the country, that 150 new ones are being built each year at a cost of from $7,000 to $8,000, and that the sport now has about 50,000 very active participants.

"We have a growth rate of a steady 25% a year and the game is really spreading out nationally," says Paul Molloy, president of the American Platform Tennis Association, which has 220 member clubs, from Maine to the West Coast.

The APTA puts on national championships in men's doubles, women's doubles, mixed doubles, men's senior doubles (50 and over), men's senior veterans doubles (60 and over), women's senior doubles and boys' junior doubles. (Singles seldom are played in platform tennis because the game is too difficult.) The APTA also sanctions a winter circuit of six tournaments. One of these, the Rye, N.Y. Invitational, has been so swamped with entries that its sponsors took a hint from the pro golf tour and this winter conducted a satellite tournament nearby. This year, for the first time, the Association will also determine national rankings in all categories.

Platform tennis was created in Scarsdale back in 1928 by Fessenden S. Blanchard and James K. Cogswell and was derived from the playground game of paddle tennis. The two men were ostensibly looking for some vigorous winter exercise, but they may also have been trying to figure out how to use up a lot of old discarded sweaters and slacks, which are usually what pass for platform tennis uniforms.

The playing area is similar to that of a tennis court except that it is miniature, 20′ by 45′ in area, and is painted onto a 30′ by 60′ platform that is surrounded on all four sides by a tightly strung wire screen 12′ high. The scoring is the same as in tennis, but the solid rubber ball is a bright orange and the paddle is made of wood.

What really makes platform tennis so different from the game played at Wimbledon and Forest Hills is the fact that the server has only one chance to get his serve in, and shots can be returned after they have caromed off the wire screening. The server must, therefore, concentrate on putting the ball in play, and not try to overpower the receiver. A killing overhead smash is not much use either because the ball will often simply bounce off the wire and gently float back into play. Platform tennis is a game for boxers, not sluggers. At the highest level a player must combine the qualities described in the well-known fable by Aesop, the speedy reactions of a hare and the infinite patience of a tortoise.

For the most part the game's devotees are Ivy Leaguers—prosperous supersuburbanites, male and female, who play on winter nights and weekends, sip highballs between sets to keep warm and call the game "paddle." The man who has probably done as much as anyone to trigger the boom is Dick Reilly, master builder, who took the game out of an era of warped boards and sagging screens. Reilly—true to form—is an Ivy Leaguer who lives in the suburbs and calls the game paddle, but there his resemblance to an archetype ends. Reilly doesn't smoke or drink and hates party-type socializing. He'd rather be camped out in the woods. After graduation from Dartmouth in 1957 Reilly did some teaching, some coaching, some postgraduate work in science and education, and built large houses with his own hands. He lives now with his wife Gail and four children in an eight-sided house he built in New York's Westchester County, and bosses Richard J. Reilly Jr., Inc., the largest builder of platform courts in the country.

"When you get into my background, things look kind of weird and confused,"

continued



THE WEEKEND LIFE OF REILLY (LEFT) IS PLAYING PADDLE ON THE COURTS HE BUILDS



Reilly said recently sitting behind the desk in his Stamford, Conn. office, dressed in a green plaid wool shirt, paint-spattered dark blue work trousers and heavy leather boots. "My parents were always apologizing for me."

Reilly's father was a dentist who lived in Scarsdale, next door to paddle's creator, Lessenden Blanchard Young Reilly's youthful ambitions were to be an All-America football player and then a country doctor These early goals were thwarted by an excess of enthusiasm on the football field (which led to seven brain concussions at Scarsdale High and Dartmouth) and a lack of it in the classroom (he rebelled against the competition for grades he found himself embroiled in as a pre-med student) Reilly's ambition now is to start what he calls a school for creatively gifted dropouts, bright youngsters who couldn't stick it out elsewhere long enough to earn a high school or college diploma. The transition is not exactly logical, but this ambition is what brought Reilly into the business of building platform tennis courts eight years ago.

"It went completely against my basic nature, but to get money to start my school I was looking for ways to make a fast buck," says Reilly. "One day I was playing paddle on a public court in Scarsdale that had loose joints and screens the ball would go through. I thought, 'There's got to be a better way than this to build a court.'"

So Reilly started building. He sold only eight courts the first two years, but the word got around and in 1965 he took orders for more than 20 and hired an extra crew. Today Reilly uses 10 crews and builds more than 70 courts a year. Until he went into business, about the only way to get a platform court built was to send off to the APTA for specifications and turn them over to your friendly neighborhood carpenter. Now there are half a dozen other firms in the East alone that build some 50 courts each year.

Reilly introduced several imaginative innovations. He used boards 30' long so that the joints, which rot and warp, are located only directly under the net. He developed hinged sideboards so that snow can easily be shoveled off the court. He designed a special tension system that makes tighter screening possible. He discovered that crushed walnut shells, when mixed in with paint, provide superior traction for the players and firmer bonding for the paint A year ago he started work on something that could easily revolutionize the platform-building business, the all-aluminum court

"I resisted the whole idea at first," says Reilly, who is a somewhat poetic back-to-nature type "I've always loved the feel of wood and I've always preferred wood in a house rather than cement or other such unfriendly elements Finally, I just couldn't resist the possibilities of the end result."

The end result has several notable advantages The most obvious one is longevity Not even Reilly can build a wooden platform court that will survive more than about 10 years. Aluminum, presumably, can last pretty nearly forever. Unlike wood, aluminum is an excellent conductor of heat. A gas or kerosene space heater can be installed under an aluminum court and melt snow and ice as fast as they accumulate

Reilly has built courts in 19 states, as far away as Aspen, Colo. Other courts are going up all over the country in Kansas City, Seattle, Louisville, Atlanta As yet, however, the best playing talent is still from the New York area.

"Most of the rest of the country still plays only mini-tennis, they hardly play shots off the wire at all," says paddle prexy Molloy "I've seen teams from Massachusetts and Colorado literally swagger into our national championships, so confident because they'd defeated everyone at home. Then they were quickly beaten because we play a different game here."

Molloy's assessment held good for this year. Last month at the Nationals, held at the Fox Meadow Club in Scarsdale, only 10 of the 128 entrants came from beyond the New York City area. Only one of them got as far as the quarterfinals. "The trouble with these Eastern players is that they think they're the only ones who can play the game," muttered Fred Oman, a businessman who came up from Dallas to pair with Reilly, but lost in the first round "The greatest thing that could happen to this game would be for a couple of guys in San Francisco to go off and hide for a year and then come here and wipe these guys out."

Something like that could conceivably happen very soon. When it does, platform tennis will truly have come of age as a national sport. END

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Tournament Winners	26	8	4	4	8

*Source: Combined ball counts taken domestically during the 1970 PGA Tour, 47 events, plus U.S. Open, Masters Championship, Canadian Open



Titleist the money ball


7
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to be KING of the mountain

Year round he is a hard-eyed man running a load of white lightning; on one day, in the same craggy region of Carolina, he is the racer fastest up in the Chimney Rock Hillclimb

by SYLVIA WILKINSON



"Outlanders are slow and reluctant to part with cherished myths, and none has been more persistent than the old canard about mountain 'characters' with their feuds, their moonshine . . ."

— Maurice Brooks

A mountain man once told me, leaning back in his cane-bottomed chair, "Now, you heard about that big man with the hammer and about that big man with the train engine, but let me tell you about the biggest man of them all— and that was a man with a machine. He roared through the night, his machine packed tight with crystal-clear juice in widemouthed Mason jars, and he hangs in there because wouldn't nobody ever find him if he went off. Got a cold cigar clamped in the corner of his mouth, hands burned full of calluses on the steering wheel, yellow eyes like a hoot owl pointed down that road in the moonlight, his right foot on the floorboard.

"His engine screams, his tires skip on black ice, the road comes up at him full of trees and rocks like a landslide, revenuers warm his seat up behind. An old possum staggers in the road, he near 'bout chases it under a trac-

continued

tor trailer, hang in there, boy, or they'll pick you and your machine up off the mountainside, cover you over with laurel blooms and send you home to your woman in a bushel basket. He slides to a stop, shuts down his engine, lights his cigar, looks at his watch. The bottles tap together in the trunk in time with his breathing. Boys, that was a record run!"

We drive into the land of man and the machine, the western North Carolina mountains, where Junior and Curtis are household words and the heroes behind the wheel are real flesh and blood, where only a greenhorn thinks Thunder Road was a myth. We are on our way to the 24th running of the Chimney Rock Hillclimb, the organized version of the local pastime.

We move in behind a '56 Cadillac, two-toned baby blue and rust. The driver sports a thin white ring of hair on his head; the missus and mama sink the chassis on the right, their hair rolled into gray doughnuts under Sunday hats and over lace collars. The road has run out of passing zones and it looks like we're stuck behind an old codger, his car belching out oil as he crawls through the hills.

But wait. The old man's head tips up for a peek in the mirror, his passengers rock like dummies, the rear end of the Cadillac drops and sends out a blast of smoke. We're off! His hands slide around the wheel, arms straighten out. He sets up for the first turn, in wide, one broken brake light winking at us as the left rear tire tags the center line. Four slick tires move in deep, the right rear half on, half off as he nips the apex of the turn, off fast. Grandpa pops a stone in our grille for good measure as we sit rocking on our set of Detroit suspension options and wide ovals. A wide left, a hairpin, a flash of baby blue, and he's gone. Fog on the mountain, a layer of exhaust settling in low under the Carolina pines; long gone and another young smart aleck gets a driving lesson.

I thought, "If we could have caught him, we could have given him an entry blank."

While the ice chest drifts back and forth across the back seat and the tires moan, we watch the curve signs with respect. We have entered the land where roads that snake through the hills are drawn like maps on the minds of the inhabitants.

The first batch of roadside stands appears, nestled in the curves so that when a fellow gets on his brakes at the first one, he might get stopped in time for the second. Doesn't matter, all sell the same things, use the same molds. We stop for a roll of film.

"Fellow come through here one time from Florida. I mean he come *through!* Busted up 17 pots and took the legs off three flamingos and put his new Cadillac up against that tree yonder." The proprietor points at an oak, healthy but for one long scar painted black. "You could smell the burnt-out brakes two mile. Had his foot on 'em since he left Kings Mountain. Might as well have used my tree. I could've told him he won't gonna have nothing to stop on by Lake Lure no way."

He looks at a bag of ice we had just picked up. "Watcha buy that sorry stuff for? Should've let me cut you up some real ice, twice as much for half the price." He points to a rusty hand-crank ice chopper. A cool breeze comes over his icehouse. And he's right; we should have.

Back in the car and starting our descent, we spot the first finger of Lake Lure reaching through the tree trunks, orange from the setting sun. At the turn of the century, they say, Lake Lure dreamed of being the resort of the South but the floods of '16 took down every bridge from the Smokies to the ocean. "Brought a live cow clean down here from Bat Cave. She spit up water for a while but didn't give no more milk."

Across from the lake Chimney Rock Mountain appears, a dark mountain with a chimney of rock against it, the American flag flapping. At the foot of the mountain are the motels, a miniature carnival and the shops, the fronts covered with towels painted with Indians, stuffed black bears and Confederate flags, bedspreads woven with peacocks.

"What do folks around here do for a living?"

"Oh, come winter we trap and skin coons and possums." The eyes crinkle. "In the summer we skin tourists."

In town now is a special crop of tourists, some from Massachusetts, Florida and Oklahoma, some from just around the bend, many come thousands of miles towing race-car rigs for about 15 minutes of wheel spinning up that old mountain. We drag the main and only street, checking out the machinery: the Baumgardner clan came 500 miles again in their Dodge motor home with Snoopy hooked on behind—a red checkerboard Mini Cooper; Pete Feistmann has a new Formula Ford, tree-frog green, first one ever run here; Ted Tidwell is back with the Formula B, 1,600 VW-powered—takes the engine out of his Dune Buggy and rebuilds it once a year for this run; and there's the record holder, John Scott's Cobra, a fat, bulging machine with a roll cage strong enough to hold up five upside-down cars. They're all here, all the oldtimers we expected and a whole batch of newcomers. We stop in at registration and find there is a record entry, 53 racers. At the end of the street we see the gate to the mountain, locked up for the day to remove the temptation of slipping in a little practice.

In the morning a crowd catcher, Formula Ford national champion Skip Barber, is due to arrive with a TECNO just out of the crate from Italy. "That ought to be the car to get up the mountain," everyone agrees; light, rear-engined, plenty of horsepower. "Yeah, but he's never seen the mountain."

"I don't reckon Stirling Moss would make you guys pack up and go home."

"Not if he hadn't seen the mountain."

Then Barber saw the mountain. His first comment, a quiet, awestruck "Wow, . . ." His second, "Like nine racecourses strung together." They call the road a roller coaster without rails; driving it is like holding onto a greased blacksnake.

One driver remarked, "It's not like a racetrack where you can take several laps to warm up. As soon as you put your foot down, you have to turn on until you get to the top. Bobble it more than once and you might as well park it before you hurt yourself."

continued

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"What does it feel like to be behind the wheel?" I asked.

"Imagine going for a mountain drive in the family car. The road is about two cars wide at most, both sides are lined with trees except where there is a drop-off. You're holding onto the wheel and the throttle gets stuck on the floor. Only thing you don't have to worry about is busting a trunk load of Mason jars. That's what it's like going up the hill."

Its trees are flaked with fiber glass and metal from a hundred unfortunate challengers, the 18-foot-wide strip of pavement fighting men, machines and the cold winters with the same ferocity. The course rises 2,000 feet in just shy of two miles; the weather conditions are fickle enough to provide sunshine at the bottom, rain and fog at the top.

The clouds keep moving after dark, blinking stars on and off; nobody wants to make a rain prediction. The mountain claims from 13 to 18 complex turns, the difference of five being the gradual turns that the oldtimers let pass as "straightaways." And at the finish line is the Chimney, solid granite over the toy town, waiting to see what all the men are after, the two-minute mark, the magic time a racer is yet to reach.

The race started at a time when the residents of Chimney Rock would set down what they were doing to point if one of those little bitty cars went by. But they'd known for a long time what driving at the limit was all about and the premium paid for a mistake. A group of cars roared into town one day, the occupants with a new sport in mind, hill climbing, organized with each man given the same set of conditions to contend with. They were looking for just the right road to clear of tourists, put in communications at the top and bottom, get a stopwatch and give it a try. So, together, the Central Carolinas Region of the Sports Car Club of America and Chimney Rock Park Manager Norman Greig started the event, the little Pikes Peak, rain or shine.

Though the cars have gone from the growl of backyard handiwork to the scream of pure racing machinery, the mountain has stayed the same, maybe a little weatherbeaten for its years but looking just like a mountain ought to look until hill-climb day arrives.

Some of the early racers remember two yellow lines across the pavement, long ago worn off. When a longer section of the road was used, the cars roared off, came to a screeching halt between the yellow lines and crept past the danger area before they were allowed to resume speed. This speed zone was effective without policing, since it passed beside a 1,000-foot drop-off, just boulders without a single tree poking up

continued



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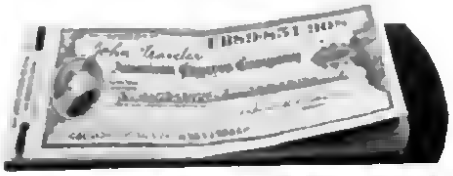
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to halt the descent of a tumbling car. But later the original course was shortened so a driver could go flat out all the way.

Over the years the men have remained the same, although with different names. Some come and never return, some never miss an event but all are men who list their occupations as something other than race driver and all have hopes of being dubbed King of the Mountain. This year there are two bankers, a dentist, a disc jockey, a fireman, a truck driver; men who've spent many months of nights preparing a car to stake it all on two runs up the hill. Through the winter they choke down their suppers, and the neighbors see the lights still on in their workshops when they go to bed. Old crazy so-and-so down the street, starting an engine in his basement loud enough to wake the dead, then cackling with pleasure as he shuts it off. The wife will go out in the morning to collect all the glasses with greasy fingerprints and see he's used her whole roll of Saran Wrap to package up engine parts dust-tight. She gets back her pizza pan that he took to trace out white circles for the door numbers. His son tells the kids at school his daddy's a race driver and they laugh and say yeah, and mine's an astronaut.

The mountain has seen machinery that ranged from a Porsche factory car to the outback creations of the local boys. But as the late newspaperman J. P. Brady put it: "The Rock has equal respect for a $20,000 Ferrari and for a clapped-out Healey-zero." In the early days there was a conglomeration known as the "Davis Special." It was the kind of machine that would send classification experts up the wall: a '41 Ford chassis, a Mercury flathead power plant, front fenders off a '47 Plymouth (that were later replaced by two of the Harley-Davidson variety to cut down on weight). The nose was a '49 Chevy truck cab top, the air scoop a reversed '37 Ford hood, and the rear deck was an upside-down Coca-Cola sign with the spare tire fitted inside, known by the sporty set as a continental kit. Driver Phil Styles sat on a Coke crate and had a dashboard full of Stewart-Warner instruments that were a Christmas present. After leaving the European creations spinning their wheels for several years, the Special was beaten and retired. Now it probably sits rusting in a row with hundreds of other hulks in the backwoods of western North Carolina.

Sunrise, Saturday. The cars are driven to the local gas stations. The Highway Patrol shuts its eyes on the muffler-less and license-less cars until they're through the gate and to the starting line. A spectator swings open his car door and almost steps on Ted Tidwell in his Formula B. On the walk to the pit area, one driver recalls Tombstone Shaw, who wanted to slip in a little early practice before the others got up and went charging along the road. Trouble was the chain was still up and his D-type Jaguar lost the fight.

The sky is cloudy and blue, the clouds moving quickly across the face of The Rock, reminders of the apparition that passed in 1806 and again five years later. The papers reported it over the South from eyewitness accounts: a host of robed figures, then a cavalry troop marching around the chimney with the sounds of battle sounding through the hills. Today the cloud shapes mean fog, settling over the top where a slight journey out of line takes you over the edge. "Not gonna rain," a mountain man tells us. "You can figure it by the flag up yonder being straight out, pointing down the valley." The spectators wait along the road, listening to the up-down roar of the engines, an occasional scraped gear, dreading the quiet that ends a run before the top when the driver loses the road in the mist.

Ted Tidwell, the man who has won in more classes more times than any other, leans against his tow car. He looks neat and businesslike in his driver's suit, 25 pounds lighter than last year. Someone asks him how many horsepower he gained by going on a diet. He looks at his 800-pound car and smiles, "A couple, maybe." The Augusta businessman has lost the last two climbs and has no intention of getting used to losing. "But this is my thing," he said. "I know I could get something with more horsepower and bigger tires, maybe even put the record out of sight. But I want to do it with a Volkswagen engine."

The men get, at most, half a dozen practice runs Saturday and Sunday before their two shots at the record Sunday afternoon. After the first hatch of the day Tidwell hears that Pete Feistmann has made a scorching unofficial run in his new English Cortina-powered Formula Ford, 3.243 seconds under the record. He shakes his head. "I just might

continued



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Hertz

have to come back next year with a Porsche engine in my car, get me some big wheels. I'm going to give this car one more try, then it's time for a change."

Tidwell takes his practice run to the top. John Scott waits for his turn in the record-holding Cobra. Big John, big car. "I'm going to blow the doors off them this time." Still mad because the record keeper had given him some argument in past years over the modified or unmodified state of his carburetors and the marks he had claimed. Weeks before the race Scott said from his shop, "I don't like to show everything I've got on Saturday. I like to surprise them a little on Sunday. Don't need to push in practice. If you've done it enough times, you know how fast you're running." He has more horsepower for this year. Most people think he needs more horsepower like he needs five wheels. When Scott makes his unofficial run the announcer asks the crowd to stand back from the bank, no legs over the edge. The Cobra growls off the line and chomps at the road like a hull elephant with more power now than the wheels can keep on the road. You feel the ground tremble under your feet when he goes by.

Scott comes over the line at the top and Tidwell, waiting up there, calls out, "Everybody bow down. There's the king, bow down!" John Scott grins; he's after the Governor's Cup—one more win and it's his. But Feistmann has got him worried. Scott's never been able to chip away more than half a second at a time and Feistmann went 10 seconds faster than John's first time today. But Feistmann has to repeat it tomorrow when times are official.

Suddenly everybody looks up. Raindrops are dashing through the leaves; the flag on the chimney droops a little and snaps in the wind. The native was wrong, after all.

Scott gets kidded during the lunch break, somehow his job as investigator for the State of South Carolina came through the press as secret agent. Tidwell, 37 years old, runs the family business, printing and advertising; his pretty wife B.J. is with him. She says she comes along to put a hex on the other drivers; she points at them when they take off, and they crash. Feistmann is an Asheville building contractor and political science graduate of the University of North Carolina; he has spent his 27 years exploring the paths through the mountains on foot, on motorcycle and in a Porsche. Jack Baumgardner, always smiling from his little car, comes down from Mansfield, Ohio and makes the hill climb an outing for the family.

"I'm just an average, run-of-the-mill guy," he says. "I drive a Pepsi-Cola truck for a living. But that's the kind of guys you find in racing." His arms bulging from lifting crates and maneuvering his truck, Baumgardner took hold of his Mini Cooper, better known as "the flying shoebox," two years ago and put the small-sedan record out of sight.

When asked about the track, he laughed and said, "You know, I sit down there at the bottom waiting to go and I can't remember all those turns. But when I get going it comes back and I know better than to make a mistake. On a racetrack you got room to spin out but not up on the Hill."

Unlike Baumgardner, Pete Feistmann, who inspected and built cars for the climb years before he was old enough to compete, sees the mountain with every bump and pavement patch drawn on his mind in a pattern. "There's a bump up there that you hit coming up on the rock wall. You've got three or four hundred feet to get ready for one turn, but if you hit that bump wrong you crash into the wall." On the difficulty of remembering the course Feistmann says, "Put Jackie Stewart in an identical car and the regulars would outrun him first time up." He says the secret is not the charging but the stopping.

And it was all over for Skip Barber on his second run after a first run that was good for a newcomer. The rain had slowed down but the road was spotted with puddles. Spectators on the corner recalled a vanishing act: first you saw the robin's-egg blue of the car, then you didn't, the airfoil wing dropping between two trees like a swing. Barber climbed up out of the hollow unhurt, but the car was done for the weekend, one wheel gone, its nose crumpled from a fallen tree.

"I went up and down on a motorcycle, trying to remember it all," Barber tells us. "What happened? You get in a fast car and the whole picture changes, it comes at you too fast. I got in the turn and thought it was a gradual one but I was already to the hairpin."

So Skip Barber is added to the Saturday night story-swapping, the mountain got itself another one—Morgan corner, wasn't it? That's the corner where that Morgan hit the same tree on the same turn three years in a row, and a cheer went up on the fourth year when he finally made it all the way to the top. But in Barber's case there's one thing the railbirds will have to admit: he reasons like a professional racing driver: "I knew the brakes weren't working properly yet, but no excuses. It wasn't brake failure—brain failure."

And the Chimney Rock bench racing goes on: Remember the Porsche factory car that went through practice and was quietly loaded to go home by Saturday evening, ruled too precious to be spent on mountain pines and granite? Then there was Charlie Kolb, a driver of some reputation who co-drove the same car with an old mountain boy, Buddy Horton from Hickory; Horton went five seconds faster. Lotus, Porsche, Ferrari, the factory A.C. Bristol the weekend after Sebring that centered a tree on the first hairpin, the McLaren off the Can-Am circuit that never even made a run—got crunched in two-way traffic when the driver tried to learn the course. And there was J. Frank Harrison, the king before Scott, a wealthy glass manufacturer from Chattanooga who co-drove with Smokey Drolet, one of the best female drivers in the business. The tiny woman, always toting a lavender shoulder bag, was kidded about not beating the boss and the boss won for several years with Smokey a close second. Then the streak ran out. He crashed one car, then took over Smokey's car and crashed it. A thump and then dead silence. The mountain had dethroned another king.

Feistmann recalls Julian Putney from

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Arden who tore off his gearshift knob on the way to the top, cut his hand to shreds but wouldn't stop running—72 shifts he counted. Everybody remembers the guy who used to run off the mountain every year and sit down in the woods with a welding torch trying to piece his car back together in time. "He'd put a Ferrari engine in a boat and sink it. Never finished a run. Nice guy, lived in a fancy suburb in Charlotte and his yard looked like a car graveyard." And then there was J.P. Brady, whose widow Clariece gives a trophy in his name each year to the driver "who goes the fastest with what he's got." We remember J.P. sitting on the hood of his MGA one Saturday night telling it, "You are a Porsche. You are a Porsche," and J.P. leaping out of the MGA, after a run, with the seat of his pants on fire.

A good night's sleep for the serious drivers, then Sunday morning and rain. Fifty-three drivers pull the covers off their cars, rev up and roostertail off to the course to beat the crowd of spectators. There are new and old spectators, a steady stream for five hours. A new one asks, "What happens if it doesn't quit raining?" And an old one tells him that means the road becomes a "big old slick snake." There are no rain checks given at Chimney Rock.

The rain falls without a letup. The track is smeared with mud and leaves and rainbow oil slicks. Chimney Rock is lost in the mist. Racers fishtail off the line in the morning practice. Each pit crew watches the face of the starter; he'll frown if told over the earphones that their man is off course, over the side, nod when he's out of the car, he's O.K. Then, just before the final timed runs are to get under way—the two chances every man gets to better the mark—the ambulances are called away to two highway accidents. No runs until they return. The racers sit in a glistening row at the start line. Some crews hold umbrellas over the open-cockpit cars, some let them soak up water. Somebody makes a crack about the lucky guys who drive closed sedans with windshield wipers.

In the bushes a street Porsche sits up on jack stands; Ted Tidwell has borrowed its all-weather Michelins in hopes of gaining traction. Feistmann was still faster in the morning practice, so Tidwell strolls up-course and rubs his hands on the pavement.

"It's not like a racecourse in the rain. It's like a regular highway—water, mud, leaves, pulverized sticks—calls for a general-purpose tire."

Feistmann's father has arrived with a set of racing rain tires. As the rain keeps falling, horsepower goes down to defeat and Tidwell's chances rise—his little Formula B won't just be spinning its wheels. In the morning run King of the Mountain Scott in his 400-hp Cobra was outrun by an able young man from Charlotte, John Phelps, in a tiny Sprite: Phelps will earn himself the "most with what you have" trophy.

Pete Feistmann shakes his head in disappointment. No hope of turning an all-time record today. John Scott sees that his year-old record is safe, he rules the Cobra uncontrollable in the wet and loads it back on the trailer. "I'll be back next year," he snorts. His record is safe but he has to leave his kingdom up for grabs.

With the return of the doctors and ambulances, the cars roar off on the first of the two official runs.

The rain keeps coming, the ground gets softer, the wheel-less Porsche falls off the jack stands. Jack Baumgardner's little giant killer goes fast in the wet, but not fast enough. Finally, two are left to make the first run; Feistmann, a five-year veteran, and Tidwell, 10.

Feistmann goes up, looks good. Near perfect, the corner workers say. The car is a little twitchy, like it's riding on water in the turns. "You never look at the gauges," he has said. "I can't explain the concentration, it's fantastic. In the rain, it's everything. You have to use all the road and brake deep." He crosses the finish line and stops for a minute, breathing hard. He gets out of the car and says, "That was a damn good run."

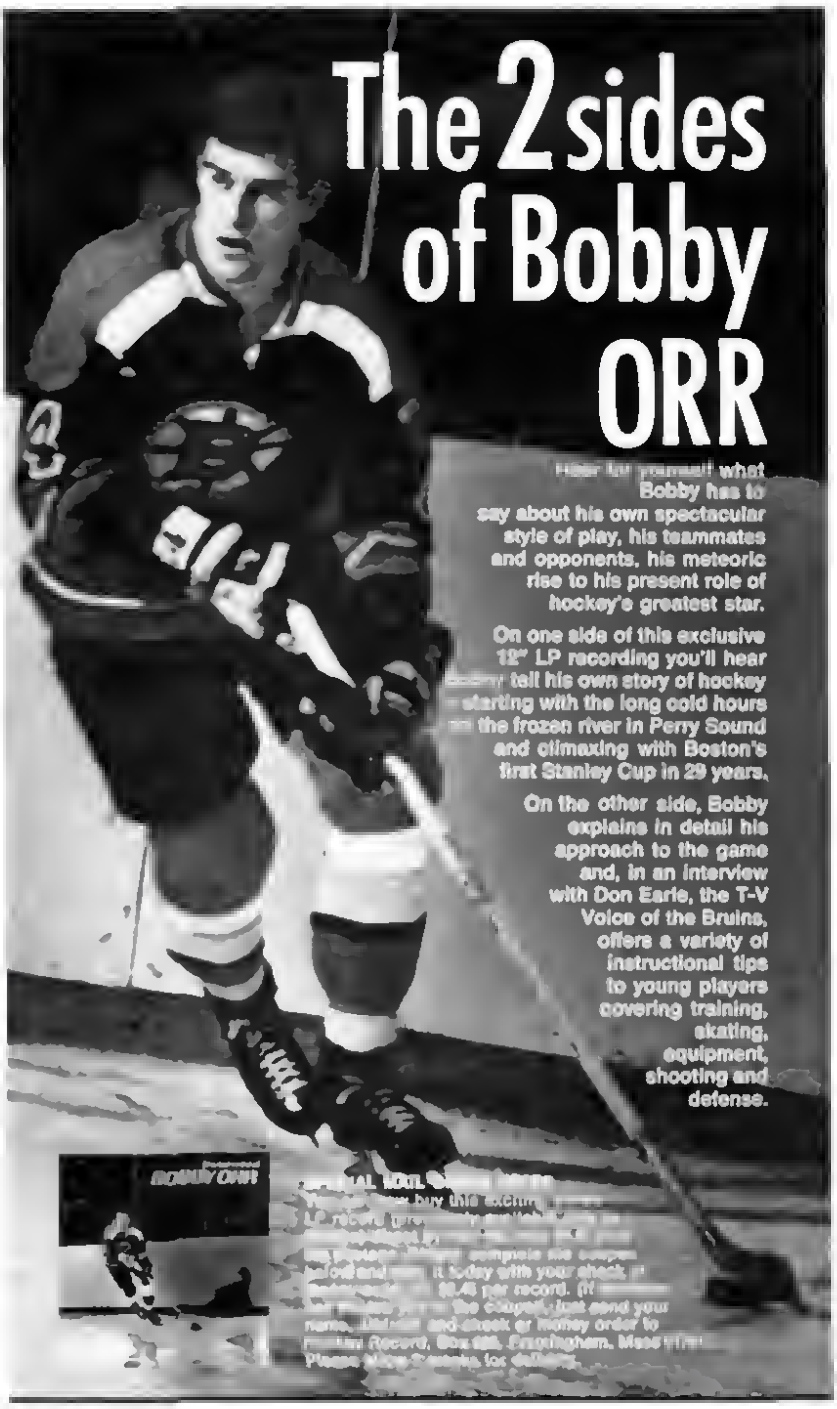
Tidwell goes up, tires visibly sticking better in the rear as he leaves the line, spray coming off the front wheels straight up, slapping him in the face in the turns. His left hand wipes the water from under his visor. Two years ago Tidwell took the nose off the car on the wall, spinning in a wet spot. This time he brakes too soon at the wall, gets back on the power, almost loses it. "I crowded the tires," he revealed later, "washed out the front end. Forgot they were meant for a 2,000-pound automobile." He crosses the line, catches his breath and climbs out. To Feistmann he says, "That was a damn good run."

The drivers wait and the times are announced: Feistmann—2:23.594, Tidwell—2:23.546. Forty-eight one-thousandths of a second. Two years ago, before the club bought the new timer, the race would have been a tie. Tidwell grins and says, "If I hadn't lost that weight Feistmann would have beat me."

The racers have one more try. Feistmann holds off, elects to wait at the back of the line to see if the rain will let up for two minutes, that's all he needs: just two minutes and some nice warm cars in front of him to burn off the water. Two cars leave the line dumping oil; the crew is sent to find sand to cover the slick on the pavement. Feistmann frowns. Three out of seven cars have gone off course, conditions are getting worse. Word comes down that oil and mud are everywhere; the workers are tired and wet and want to go home. Feistmann makes his last run. A good start. But the car starts to float on the straights, the corners are gutted with mud, people huddle under plastic in the trees, the water has washed away all the skidding tire marks. He lets off halfway up, "You know when you've done your best. I won't put the car in a tree kidding myself."

Tidwell hears the time, slower than the first. He can pack up his title but he elects to take his last run anyway, a slow scenic tour by his standards, just to see the mountain one more time this year. Next year it might be dry; next winter he's going to have to find time away from the business to build that Porsche engine, get him some bigger tires to beat Feistmann again. He did it with the Volkswagen this time, but they won't

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let him do it next year. And don't think Scott won't be back trying to whip some more seconds out of his big animal.

Could say that old mountain is snobbish, never letting an outsider take home the bacon, making a man come back year after year before it allows him to the top in record time. Could say it thought those men were getting dangerously close to the two-minute mark so it doused the road with water just to make sure. And to spite them all, The Rock is going to rise out of the clouds tomorrow, sunny, the stream gushing, the tourists creeping to the top to ride the elevator up The Rock, getting the view the cheap way, the locals would say, taking the turns at five mph or so, making 30-minute runs to the summit. The burned oil and rubber smell will be washed out of the air: just a few tire marks are left at the start line. By noon the flag will be dried out and flapping again, pointing down the valley. In the woods the trees have a stripe of race-car paint here and there: a few broken metal parts glisten in the wet leaves. And stenciled carefully on the rocks below in white paint: REPENT YOU SINNERS.

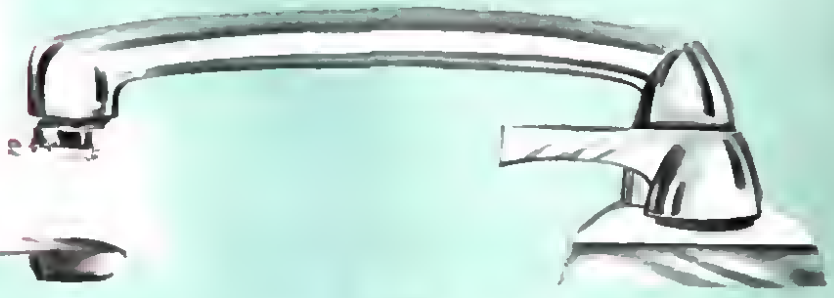
Wasted words. They'll be back next year, same ones, some new ones. The men, tired and wet, gathered at the bottom of the hill for their trophies.

Up walked the new king to hear the words of a local: "Don't you let that old sheriff that wears the badge on his bibs get you on the way into town, Tidwell. That oughta turn off your steam if that old boy runs you down in his pickup. He'd show you fellers how to run that mountain if they'd give him a number for his pickup and let him in without one of them roll-bar things.

"Yes sirree, and I'll tell you about them hotshoes come down here to show us how to drive. You know when you get a slab of fresh cooked bread, and you put on a big hunk of butter, then you spread it with strawberry preserves and the first thing you know, there it is, jam-side-down on the floor. Get too fancy and it'll happen every time." END

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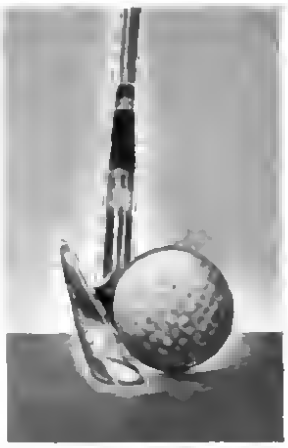


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Another Staff member, Willie Ogg, approached golf club construction scientifically. He shortened the hosel length, narrowed the shaft diameter and shifted weight toward the toe of the club. This put the sweet spot where it should be.



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Other Wilson Advisory Staff members have told us to make other improvements in the Wilson Staff clubs. Cary Middlecoff demanded that we step-down our shafts individually instead of in pairs. By doing this, individual shaft flex is matched to the individual clubhead weights, so that every club has the same, consistent good feel and swing. We did it. And no one else does it.

Julius Boros told us to round-off the soles on our irons. We did. They take less of a divot that way, and put a faster, more powerful clubhead into the ball.

More thinking by more of our 43 pros has resulted in a choice between either aluminum or Ultralite steel shafts in Staff clubs. And they've even thought of a few other features to be found only in another line of Wilson pro clubs, the Wilson X-31's.

But whichever turns out to be exactly right for you, you can be sure that they're the only clubs built with the experience and expertise of 43 top pros. Men who cover a wide range of sizes from short to tall, heavy to not-so-heavy – and a wide range of ages, from greats like Gene Sarazen and Cary Middlecoff to the hot young bloods like Dale Douglass and Terry Dill.

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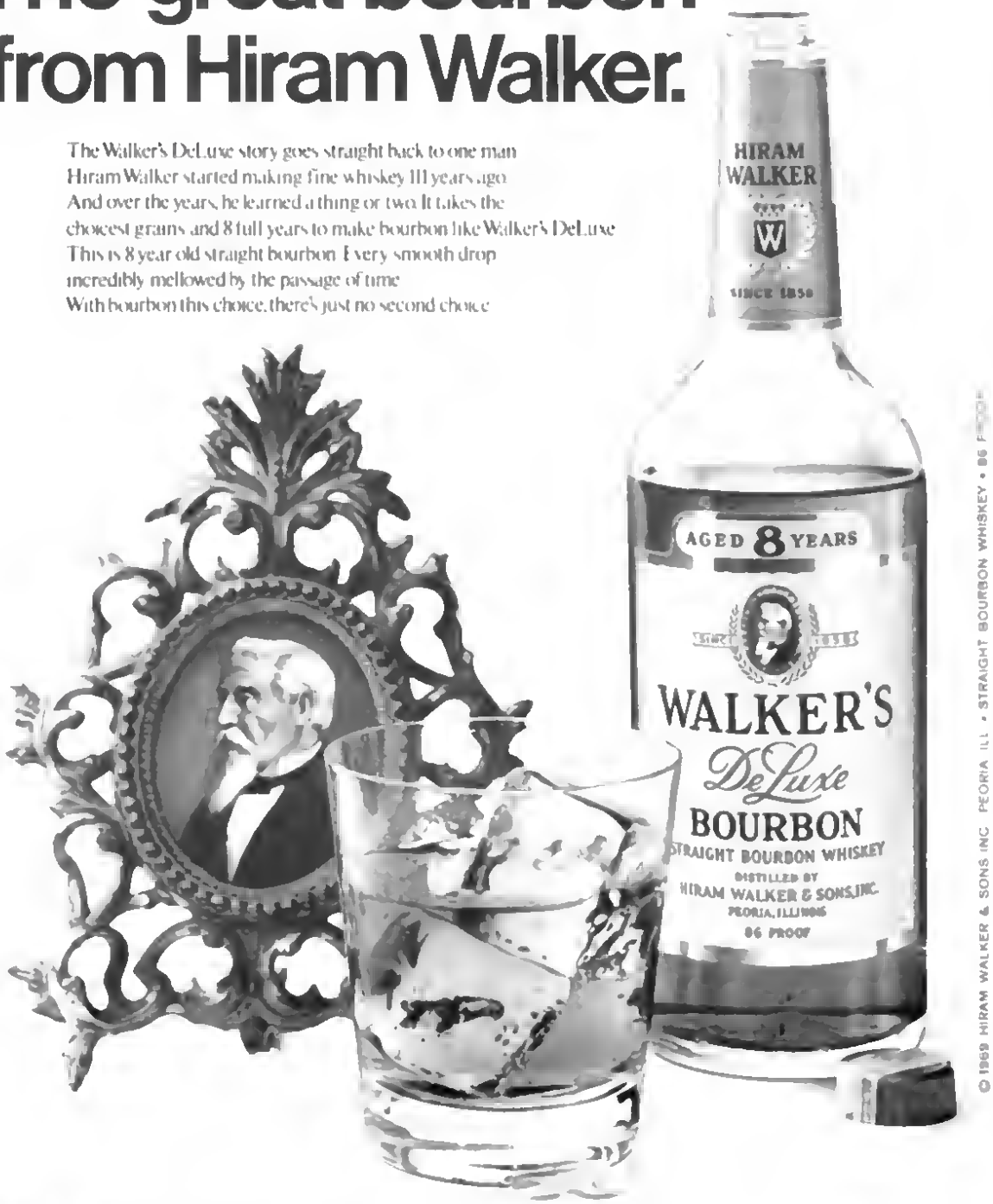
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CH8

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

AUTO RACING BOBBY ISAAC [illegible] Dodger [illegible] Dick Pearsons [illegible] at the 500-mile [illegible] to win the Grand National [illegible] of the season.

BASKETBALL NBA As the [illegible] moved into the playoffs Boston [illegible] Baltimore [illegible] the strong Eastern [illegible] New York with [illegible] and Gus Johnson [illegible] Los [illegible] the Knicks were the [illegible] by only 117-116 after a suspenseful second half [illegible] which the [illegible] and Hondo Sykes [illegible] second game [illegible] Knick triumph by 107-88. Cazzie Russell [illegible] for New York's [illegible] second quarter [illegible] Knicks [illegible] and then Dick Barnett sparked New York [illegible] third period thrust. Baltimore finished with [illegible] but its playoff record [illegible] 22-6 the [illegible] record 15-7 in the regular season. New [illegible] Baltimore is bounded [illegible] in New York 114-96 [illegible] the division [illegible] Cincinnati and Kevin Loughery to Carl Scheer [illegible] Coast [illegible] basketball semifinal scheduled [illegible] 21 games. Al Tucker and Eric Money [illegible] Oakland guard [illegible] for the West [illegible] while Wilt Chamberlain [illegible] LA Lakers [illegible] 65 and 31-73.

ABA Oakland [illegible] playoff participant with [illegible] decided, with the Kentucky Colonels holding the Floridians to [illegible] Their eighth [illegible] last week. Florida [illegible] second [illegible] in this series. Kentucky [illegible] took [illegible] in a game in which Larry Brunson [illegible] high [illegible] Floridians with 18 points. In [illegible] New York Nets [illegible] with the Nets [illegible] with a [illegible] 127 win [illegible] by [illegible] 132-124 despite Rick Barry's [illegible] thirty-point [illegible] playoff record [illegible] and [illegible] as the Squires won 148-144 sparked by Charlie Scott's 38 points. The Utah Team and Indiana Memphis series [illegible] won in four straight by the Stars and the Pacers.

COLLEGE BASKETBALL The MIDWEST had to Dean Meminger of Marquette with 21 points upset the West in the Aloha Classic 95-91. The South took third place, defeating the East 80-75.

GOLF CHARLES COODY [illegible] capping the [illegible] of the 1969 Masters in which he lost the tournament with three bogeys on the last three holes, won the 1971 Masters with a nine-under-par 279. Jack Nicklaus, who was even with Coody entering the final round, tied for second with John Miller at seven under. (*Story 76*)

DES SULLIVAN, retired golf editor for the *Newark* (N.J.) *News*, took the annual Golf Writers Association of America championship at Myrtle Beach, S.C. Sullivan, a four-time winner, defeated Dan Jenkins of *Sports Illustrated* on the first hole of sudden death. They had tied at 76.

GYMNASTICS PATTI CORRIGAN of Springfield [Mass.] won twice in the women's national intercollegiate championships at University Park, Pa., placing first in vaulting and uneven parallel bars. All-around champion KATHY GLEASON of Buffalo State was first in the floor exercises.

HARNESS RACING The $104,000 American-National Maturity Pace for 4-year-olds at Sportsman's Park in Chicago was won by KENTUCKY ($1.80) by a length in two minutes [illegible], second Bruce Nicklis was at the reins. Ferlie Hanover was second.

TAVERN HANOVER ($8.50) returned to racing in the $25,000 Easter Bonnet Pace at Liberty Bell Park in Philadelphia after a winter long layoff and Bill Haughton piloted him to a length victory over James Darrin in 2:01[illegible], pushing the 5-year-old over the $700,000 mark in earnings.

HOCKEY Stanley Cup play opened with a mixture of violence and surprise. The biggest surprise of all was Boston's weakness against the Montreal Canadiens, who, despite an opening 3-1 defeat, skated back to win 7-5 and 3-1. Then Bobby Orr scored three goals as the Bruins won 5-2 (*Story 30*). An unusual display of temper by Orr in the first game was echoed in the second game of New York's series with underdog Toronto. The Rangers had come from behind to win the first 5-4. Now on [illegible] in an embarrassing 4-1 defeat at home. New York provided a unique example of bush behavior as Ranger Vic Hadfield seized Leaf Goalie Bernie Parent's clean mask and tossed it into the stands. Both benches emptied in a melee that had begun with Hadfield and Toronto's Jim Harrison tangling. The mask was not returned, and Jacques Plante finished the game for Toronto, which followed with a 1-1 victory at home before New York tied the series 4-2. Chicago, with Bobby Hull swinging at big stick, resisted the upset [illegible] and ousted Philadelphia in [illegible] back [illegible]

HORSE RACING CHOMPION [illegible] Mahmoud Hule closed with [illegible] in Sun Sonn Sportsman [illegible] lengths at [illegible] Blue [illegible] on Hialeah [illegible] at Gulfstream [illegible] and [illegible] record.

Jacinto Vasquez took [illegible] LOUD [illegible] victory in the $67,000 [illegible] at Aqueduct [illegible] Sadie Pitchford [illegible] Dogan [illegible] Bold Bound [illegible] and Chief Jacinto [illegible] record.

COUGAR II ($5.80) [illegible] Handicap [illegible] at Sportsman's Park [illegible] $13,000 Sun Juan Capistrano [illegible] Santa Anita [illegible] Dick Mahoney [illegible] Cougar [illegible] record.

SWIMMING Indoor AAU [illegible] Pullman Wash. [illegible] the Pan American [illegible] Angeles [illegible] and Hungarian SUE ATWOOD of Lakewood, Calif. broke her [illegible] backstroke [illegible] with a 2:36.1 GARY HALL of Indiana [illegible] and 1:46.4 in the 200-yd freestyle. LYNN COLLINS of Seattle [illegible] took the 500 and [illegible] strokes in 2:21.9. DONNA DEARDERICK [illegible] swimmer won 52 [illegible] 1000. ALICE JONES of Cincinnati and MIKE STAMM of Atlanta [illegible] record for the 500-yd freestyle (5:03.9) and the 200-yd backstroke (2:15.1) in [illegible]

SYNCHRONIZED SWIMMING The SAN FRANCISCO MERRONETTES won the team title at the Santa Clara Aquatic Invitational, finished second to the AAU indoor championships at Charlotte, N.C. The O'Ricks [illegible] USC [illegible] took the solo [illegible] [illegible] Dawn Long [illegible]

TENNIS CLIFF RICHEY defeated Vladimir Zednik of Czechoslovakia [illegible] Richey [illegible] the Davis Missions Cup [illegible] rough.

MILSPORTS ACCEPTED 16 [illegible] U.S. [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] Communist China. This is the first [illegible] American organization since the Communists took power in 1949.

AWARDED As Rookies of the Year in the ABA, DAN ISSEL of the Kentucky Colonels and CHARLIE SCOTT of the Virginia Squires after a ballot at the outset.

COACHING CHANGES JOHNNY OLDHAM from basketball coach to director of athletics at Western Kentucky; DICK CAMPBELL, former basketball coach at The Citadel to coach at Xavier of Cincinnati; BILL MUSSELMAN, from basketball coach at Ashland (Ohio) College to coach at the University of Minnesota.

HOSPITALIZED ADOLPH RUPP, Kentucky basketball coach, with an infected foot. He has canceled speaking engagements and summer coaching clinics.

INJURED JOHNNY UNITAS, the Baltimore Colts' 17-year-old quarterback, while playing paddle ball. He underwent surgery for a ruptured right Achilles tendon and doctors said the operation was a success. Teammate TOM MATTE, his opponent in that paddle game, left all went to the same Baltimore hospital and had his appendix removed.

RETIRED DUST COMMANDER, winner of the 1970 Kentucky Derby, to stud.

RETURNED To the ABA, ALEX HANNUM, coach of the San Diego Rockets of the NBA, as president, general manager and coach of the Denver Rockets. Hannum last coached in the ABA in 1969, when his Oakland Oaks were the champions. This will be Hannum's seventh franchise since 1956, with championships at St. Louis and Philadelphia.

UPHELD A federal court decision denying CURT FLOOD a antitrust claims against baseball, by the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in New York. Flood hopes to take the case to the Supreme Court.

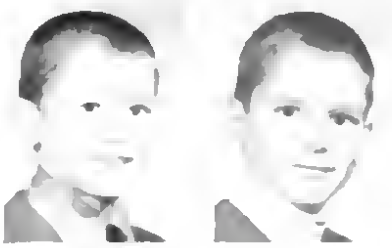
DIED CARL MAYS, 79, the New York Yankee pitcher whose fastball killed Cleveland batter Ray Chapman in 1920, of pneumonia, in San Diego.

DIED WILL HARRIDGE, 85, president of baseball's American League from 1931 to 1958, following gall bladder surgery, in an Evanston, Ill. nursing home.

CREDITS

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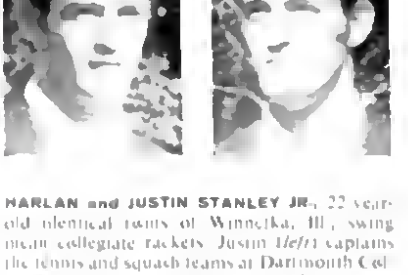
FACES IN THE CROWD



MARK and TODD McCALLISTER, 11, [illegible] identical twins of Deerfield, Ill., both [illegible] the world age group record of 5:13.4 [illegible] three runs. Mark (*right*) was timed in 5:25.5 and Todd was one tenth second behind [illegible] exhibition race at Proviso West High School [illegible] Hillside, Ill. The boys have been running since kindergarten age with their father, Dick McCallister, former track and cross country coach at Proviso West. Typically, they enter four meets a year, two indoors, two outdoors. They are 4'8" and 65 pounds each.



RON and DON GLASS, age 18, identical [illegible] of Lansing, Mich., completed the 1970-71 wrestling season at Waverly High School with 31-0 and 30-0 records, respectively. Ron (*right*) captured the State Class A title in the 126-pound division, Don the 132-pound. In three years of varsity competition the Glasses amassed 167 victories against 15 defeats, losing only four matches the last two years. They were undefeated in five consecutive tournaments. Ron was third, Don fourth at AAU Junior World in Bakersfield, Calif.



HARLAN and JUSTIN STANLEY JR., 22-year-old identical twins of Winnetka, Ill., swing mean collegiate rackets. Justin (*left*) captains the tennis and squash teams at Dartmouth College. Harlan the tennis and squash teams at Wesleyan University. Justin is the older, Harlan the taller (6'3" to his brother's 6'1"). They faced each other this year in an intercollegiate squash match for the first time, and Justin won in close games 15-11, 15-14, 15-10, as Dartmouth beat Wesleyan 9-0. They will not meet in intercollegiate tennis.

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19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

Sirs

Bil Gilbert's article on the Masters, *The Other Side of Paradise* (April 5), would have been more correctly titled *The Other Side of Truth*. I have attended the Masters for five years and have had the opportunity to observe every area that Mr. Gilbert chose to dissect. I came away from the article with some very negative feelings about your magazine's and Mr. Gilbert's journalistic intent. Obviously, any human endeavor can be picked apart and scrutinized to the point where it is made to look foolish. Perhaps a comparable story should be done on Bil Gilbert, with conclusions about the man based on an analysis of the holes in his socks, his moles, dandruff and the dirt under his fingernails.

W. H. ANDERSON

Atlanta

Sirs:

Once again the Augusta National, the Masters tournament, the gallery and the officials have received undue criticism from a "gentleman" such as Bil Gilbert. What is so wrong with the traditions—Southern or otherwise—that are followed at the Augusta National and at the Masters? I admire the Augusta National for preserving its traditions in an era in which traditions are quickly forgotten because they take up too much time. Also, I would like to offer my congratulations to Clifford Roberts on his direction of the Masters. Of all the tournaments that I have attended, I have always found the Masters to be very well-organized and very enjoyable.

MELINDA MARKS

Edgefield, S.C.

Sirs:

Here's a tip for Cliff Roberts. Save one of your 135 Pinkertons for Bil Gilbert. If a reporter or a "crazy" doesn't get him, one of today's "average dirty, dopey, degenerate kids" might sneak in and succeed. But cheer up! If that happens, at least we wouldn't be losing much of a writer, would we?

DAVID J. VAN LENTEN

Hawthorne, N.J.

Sirs:

Bil Gilbert's article on the Augusta scene has provided us with the real reason for Lee Trevino's refusal to play in the Masters: he clearly could not concentrate on golf at a club where "there is a suggestion that the place was built to conform to a rich, white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant concept of what Heaven would look like if God only had enough cheap labor." Old Cliff's 19th-century outlook should offend more of the PGA players and officials. Hurray for Lee Trevino!

PAUL NESVIG

St. Paul

Sirs:

Bil Gilbert has done a great service to expose a true farce. Let's face it, the Masters is no better and no worse than any of the other tournaments—except for the pomp. Let's look at the Masters for what it is: An exhibition in uptight snobbery by the Establishment of golf.

May I also add that the issue of April 5 was one of the best from a literary standpoint that I have ever received.

JUDD CRYSMORE II

Kew Gardens, N.Y.

UNDERSTANDING ALI

Sirs:

Regarding *No Requiem for a Heavyweight* (April 5) by George Plimpton, Muhammad Ali looms larger in defeat than he ever did in victory. The interview with the two white high school students was beautiful.

Ali almost seems too nice, too decent, too intelligent to ever beat a brawler like Joe Frazier. I never before thought so, but perhaps he fits Leo Durocher's description: "Nice guys finish last."

PAUL F. CASE

Baltimore

Sirs:

George Plimpton has participated in and written about many pro sporting events, but his feature story *No Requiem for a Heavyweight* has to be one of his greatest achievements. SI's readers owe thanks to Mr. Plimpton for giving us a ringside view of the fight, the locker room, the hospital and, most of all, of Muhammad Ali's home.

DAVID FELDMAN

Beachwood, Ohio

Sirs:

Will it ever cease? *Another* story on Muhammad Ali? The fight has been over for weeks. Do you *really* believe your readers are that much interested in him?

ROBERT P. RUSSELL

Allendale, N.J.

Sirs:

I suggest a series of 19 articles, each exploring a new facet of the man. Things like *Muhammad Ali Goes to Disneyland*, *Muhammad Ali Meets Toots Shor*, *Muhammad Mows the Lawn* and *Muhammad Ali on Ecol-*

ogy. I'm sure you can think of others, if they're not already on the agenda.

J. Barr

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

I think that it is about time the public realized just what kind of man Ali is. His being different or holding a different viewpoint just does not justify the enormous volume of abuse and ridicule that has been heaped upon him. And yet Ali has accepted this unjust treatment with dignity. I would advise the critics of this man to observe how he has reacted in defeat. I do not recollect Muhammad Ali ever insulting or attacking his opponents after the fight has ended. On the contrary, he has often praised his defeated opponents.

It seems that we never learn. We are justly ashamed of the treatment meted out to Jack Johnson in his day, and yet we go about doing the same shameful thing to Muhammad Ali. And what really bothers me is that the date is 1971, not 1915.

Jack Petrilli Jr.

Chateauguay, Quebec

INSIDE CROQUET

Sirs:

Never in my life did I think I would see the day when the American Croquet League would be castigated in such a cavalier manner as it was in that piece of yellow journalism entitled *Right Out of Their League* (April 5). Why is it that in any decent American professional league the black sheep and malcontents get all the publicity? Alfred von Helsing was never more than a second-rate third offensive mallet and was lucky to even make his team for three years, let alone be given any credence as a writer. Let me clear up a few things just to set the record straight.

As coach and general manager of the Grosse Pointe Cadillacs, I was in charge of hosting the Oyster Bay Titans on Earth Day of last year, the day Von Helsing claims he was gassed. It is our expressed policy as ecology-minded people (the team was interested in ecology even before it became a national issue) to share our playing field with our little brothers the insects whenever possible. Our ground crew is trained in the use of insect tranquilizers, and prior to home games the insects are put to sleep and vacuumed up, lest they be struck by a 15.75-ounce maple ball. The insects are then returned to the field after the game is completed.

Our head groundkeeper, who witnessed the incident in question, stated that, without a doubt, a somewhat drunken and crazed Von Helsing attacked one of the sprayers, whose only defense was to tranquilize him. Further, our team physician reported that an analysis of Von Helsing's blood revealed he had recently ingested large amounts of Geritol *and* dextrose. To thine own self be true, Von Helsing!

As to what goes on in the Titans' locker room, I cannot say. I only know that my coaching staff and I treat our team members as they should be treated—like little gentlemen, regardless of creed, color or school.

Grover (Duke) Whitely

Detroit

Sirs:

Thanks for the frightfully funny parody of the works of Messrs. Bouton, Flood and that bearded Syracuse lineman whose name I don't remember and couldn't pronounce if I did.

Robert W. Wood Jr.

Princeton, N.J.

● *It's Dave Mrggyesi, pronounced Meg'-uh-see.* ED.

ON THE BEAM

Sirs:

Great job! Your article on girls' gymnastics (*Don't Tell the Girls How Pretty They Are*, March 29) was a long time in coming but worth the waiting. It was great to see you do an in-depth review of this technical sport as opposed to superficial exposures of the past. A fine personality report on Coach Vogel and his girls.

Phil Auarey

Amherst, Mass.

Sirs:

Congratulations for a fine article on gymnastics Coach Herb Vogel and some brilliant photographs of America's finest girl gymnasts. Vogel seems to be a combination father, drill sergeant, teacher and friend. But his methods must work because the girls are improving. By the way, the girls are very pretty.

Bryan Jeansotte

Fort Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan

NO HOME ON THE RANGE (CONT.)

Sirs:

It was with great interest that I read Jack Olsen's series of articles on predator control by Government trappers and sheepmen (*The Poisoning of the West*, March 8 *et seq.*). While agreeing that no species of wildlife should be eradicated, including coyotes, mountain lions or any other predators, I disagree in that I feel that some measure of control is necessary in the man-made environment in which we now exist. The reasoning behind this is that if predators, meaning primarily coyotes, are allowed to run unchecked, they not only depredate sheep herds but also deplete game herds. In our own immediate area (southern Wyoming) one can find many oldtimers who can re-

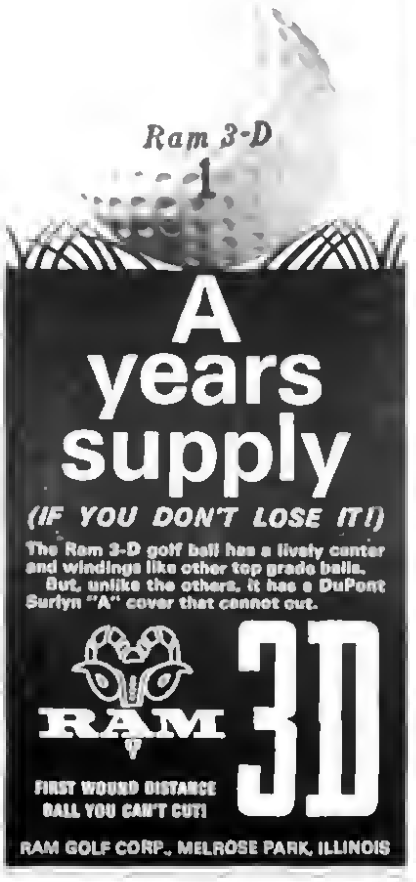
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"SI"

[illegible] an important part [illegible] but at no time did it serve me better than on my first day on earth. I arrived one month prematurely and I weighed only 2½ pounds. I was born at home, not in a hospital, and the doctor said that I wouldn't live through the night. He just left me on the bed and told my parents, 'He's going to die before the night's over. We'll take care of the arrangements tomorrow.' Then my grandmother got in the act. She picked me off the bed, put me in a shoe box, turned on the oven and put the shoe box in there with the door part open so the heat would get in. And I didn't die."

FROM THE OVEN AND INTO THE BAKER'S CIRCLE
[illegible] Homemaker



call when the sight [illegible] common, as it is today—and the antelope population was depleted in contrast to the numbers of today. Now, through proper control, these game populations are up, thanks in no small part to the two villains of Mr. Olsen's article—the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the sheepmen.

The reason for the tardiness of this letter is that I was very interested in the response you received (19th Hole, March 22 *et seq.*), particularly the fact that the majority of the pro letters you printed were from Eastern or West Coast people, while the letters in favor of control came primarily from areas where the depredations of coyotes are to be found. In line with these facts, it should be pointed out that both the wildlife and the sheep industry are very important economically to the areas in which coyote control is taking place. It should also be pointed out that, despite man's efforts, Mr. Coyote is in no danger of eradication and probably never will be because of his very nature, that of easy adaptability to the situation at hand. Because man is constantly upsetting the balance of nature, however, man himself must also control the balance of nature to insure the survival of all species. Under this must necessarily come predator control.

THOMAS GRIEVE

Baggs, Wyo.

Sirs:

Jack Olsen's unwarranted criticism of the Wildlife Services' predator control program can only have an effect quite opposite to the one obviously intended. Ill-misguided conservationists are successful in abolishing the federal program, livestock losses in the Western states will certainly increase to an intolerable level. Deprived of professional assistance, irate stockmen will be forced into a do-it-yourself poisoning program, the ultimate effect of which could be disastrous to our valuable wildlife.

I have represented my local government in its contract with the Division of Wildlife Services for necessary predator control services in Modoc County, Calif., and am quite familiar with the actual operation of the program. Predator control is carried on only in those areas where livestock losses actually occur and only upon request of the concerned stockman. Coyotes and other predators are left completely unmolested over a large portion of the county where they do no damage. Our local trappers are not Ph.D.'s, but they are knowledgeable, experienced and conscientious, and they have a deep regard for and probably a much better practical comprehension of nature than most academicians and self-styled ecologists. Operations are highly selective, and the area is most certainly not being polluted with deadly poisons.

I am not [illegible] operations in the other states mentioned, but I doubt that they differ radically from those in my own county.

LORING WITT
Agricultural Commissioner
Modoc County

Alturas, Calif.

Sirs:

Your frightening series, *The Poisoning of the West*, arouses a great deal of concern about the practices of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. The short rebuttal by Jack Berryman, chief of the Government's Wildlife Services, is consistent with the typical Government attitude that intelligent criticism can be swept aside by denial that any problem exists. We deserve an answer to the very specific questions and accusations that Jack Olsen has raised.

JOHN W. BRANDIS M.D.

Minneapolis

Sirs:

Congratulations on your excellent series of articles by Jack Olsen. It was a good, open examination in rather prodigious detail of a challenging problem of great concern to everyone everywhere.

The most alarming aspect is our increasing and thorough chemical pollution of our environment—from the city and industrial areas to rural predator and pest control programs to cottage settlements. Nature is on the losing side of the advancement of our civilization. It is our loss, too.

FRANK WELLMAN

Ottawa

Sirs:

Jack Olsen's *Poisoning of the West* brought in some interesting letters. I noticed one slight defect in the note from Paul Imbach of Silt, Colo. (19th Hole, March 29) regarding who pays for the poisoning. He is correct that a 40-mill predatory animal tax is collected by many Western counties, but, to the best of my knowledge, it is assessed only against the actual owners of sheep or goats. The rest of us get to pay our share of the bill through the federal income tax.

ALFRED G. LEHR

Lisle, Ill.

Sirs:

Thanks to Jack Olsen and SI for trying to help correct our country's greatest fault—our wastefulness.

PAUL SAVARYN

Waconia, Minn.

Address editorial [illegible] to Time & Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Two things a man must never doubt...

One is his scotch.

Oh the lyrical Scots! Poetry flows at the mention of scotch whisky. But the point is well taken. You want a scotch you can count on. A scotch that will do you proud. Like Pipers.

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